

The Forgotten Race: Book 1

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Summary: Before his untimely death, the king of a once proud and noble race of Half-Dragons, set a plan in motion, a plan that would take three hundred years to mature and lead to the defeat of the Dragon-King. Little does Hiccup know that he is at the fore center of his plan, and tries to accept who he is, while becoming what he was destined to be. Fem Toothless. severe AU.

## 1. Discovery

A screech of unrelenting destruction broke the night. Hiccup was torn from his light slumber and leaped out of bed, although it was more of a clumsy stumble, which sent him sprawling into the nearby desk.

Getting a grip on his weariness, hiccup quickly dawned a new tunic, and grabbed his satchel. Which consisted of several clay canisters that contained various healing potions? Each one made to address a specific injury.

He also plucked his dagger from the bureau, and his newest invention.

It was a wrist-mounted crossbow. He came up with the idea a few months ago, and since then, created a working prototype.

It uses a combination of high tensile arms, a string which he wove together using metal wire, and a complex lever system to draw the two hundred pound test string back.

To say this is his greatest invention is no understatement.

Another ear-splitting roar shook the night outside his overly exposed sanctuary. After fashioning the string to the bow, he made a mad dash for the front door.

Tonight is the night. Tonight is going to be the night where he proves to everyone that he is not a scrawny screw up, that all their insulting jibes where for not.

That he was always one of them, but only needed to find his proper weapon.

Hiccup yelped when he opened the door. Right as the door opened, a Monstrous Nightmare rounded the corner and shot a blast of fire at him.

Reacting to the attack, Hiccup heaved the door close, and held it. He could feel the fire heating the solid oak slab for several seconds, then the heat began to despite.

He cracked the door slightly ajar. When he saw the coast was clear, he sprinted from the house, and made his way for the square.

The entire village was one, massive war zone, Vikings where running about, some of the. wounded, others held swords or axes, a few of them wielded spears.

"What are you doing here!" , "Get out of here, before you cause an accident!", "Go home Hiccup!"

It hurt to hear how little people trusted him. All he's ever wanted in life was to be a Viking. To show people that he is deserving to be called "The chief's son" but it seems no matter how hard he tries, with every step forward, he always winds up two paces further back.

"Hiccup? What are you...Who let him out!"

All he could do was dangle from his father's oppressive grip, like a kitten in the jaws of its mother.

Before Hiccup had a chance to explain, Stoic threw him off to the side like a rag doll.

Casting a diminished expression over his shoulder to the lump of a father, he continued making his way to Gobber's Forge.

Stoic was above all else, an enigma in his life. No matter what he does, how much he tries to show his father that he can be a Viking. Stoic's only response is disappointment.

Hiccup ducked, and slid under a catapult that had been pushed into his way, but some how failed to notice it until the last moment.

At least that is one decent trait he can proudly say no one else on Berk possess. Agility.

No Viking on this island passes the skill he does, when it comes to dodging things that is. on second thought, is that really a good thing?

Hiccup cleared his head as the smiths shop came into sight.

"Hiccup, nice of you to join us, I feared you might not show up."

"You know me, I can never stay away."

He replied jokingly as he received several bent and battered swords, then tossed them into the forge.

Out of every one on Berk, Gobber was by far the nicest. As well as the only one who is truly nice to him.

And the fact they share a similar sense of humor only adds to their relationship.

"Is that it?"

Gobber questioned when he noticed Hiccup's cross bow. Glancing down, Hiccup nodded.

"What, that is the big project you've been working on for the past month?"

Hiccup couldn't help but smile at the smiths teasing. Gobber knew fully well not to insult one of his inventions until he actually sees it in action.

Smiling deviously, He aimed at the far wall, and with a flick of his thumb, released the bolt.

There was a sharp "Twang" as the bolt was sent hurtling through the air.

The sound of metal, impacting wood followed less then a moment latter. Gobber turned around to see where the bolt had struck.

The smiths eyes widened, while Hiccup physically recoiled by the unexpected result.

There was nothing left of the bolt, save the iron head, that protruded from the wall. The wood shaft had shattered from the force of its impact.

Hiccup, for the first time, over engineered a weapon. And for the first time in his life, was disheartened, by one of his own inventions.

The power his cross bow held was far more devastating than any catapult. A single "Wrist Bow" could kill a hundred people, just as easily as a hundred dragons.

Thankfully Gobber shared his concern. If there was one aspect about Gobber that he can admire proudly, it was the fact that he did not put his hatred of dragons above his concern for humanity.

Hiccup could see Gobber came to a similar conclusion about his Wrist Bow, and silently acknowledged each other's concern.

The pair was snapped back to reality when an explosion ripped through the night air. Spinning on heels, Hiccup had just enough time to see a giant cloud of fire rocket into the sky

Standing directly in front of it, and most likely the cause of it,

was none other than Astrid.

The beauty that was bestowed upon her from the orange and yellow flames memorized hiccup.

What does it mean when the person who has done nothing but ignore you, to shun every aspect of who you are, is the only one who you love.

Be it a twisted love at that, love is love, and nothing is going to change that.

"Man the fort hiccup, I am needed!"

"Great, I'll come with you."

"Ah, no you don't. I can't risk having you...being...well you. No, stay put, and try to stay out of trouble."

Feeling defeated, and his hope of killing a dragon slowly diminishing, hiccup picked up a long sword and began sharpening it.

The continuous sound of grinding metal and warm sparks bouncing against his apron quickly lulled him in a trance like state.

Where his hands moved of their own accord, allowing his mind to drift from one topic to another.

This time it was his inventions, and in what ways he could prove upon them.

His Wrist Bow is a prime example of this. It was never intended to be a weapon; in fact it was meant to be a service item.

Something he could use if he was taken by a dragon, or somehow managed to stumble over the cliffs, which in his case, may be likely to happen.

He wanted to attach a spool of wire to the end of it, but he has yet to invent a wire strong enough.

Wire...Rope...launching. Hiccup's eyes widened as he remembered one of his other inventions that he had forgotten about.

Turning around, he began searching the shack for his Bola Launcher. He had come up with the concept several months ago, but only recently finished it.

Like all his projects however, the moment he thought of a new one, he completely forgot about the Bola Launcher.

Rushing with haste, he folded the weapon and ran from the forge. Carting it to the one place where he knew it would be.

The unholy offspring...yes...yes...He can't even begin to remember all the stories he has heard, each of them focused around the elusive Night Fury.

Hiccup flinched when he heard the nearby "Clang of metal, on dragon

scale." if there is one thing about dragons that fascinated him...Alright, one of the things that fascinates him with dragons, it is their scales.

Several species of dragons have scales that are stronger than steel, when others have soft hides...

Hiccup froze when he heard it. Just a whisper, the sound of rushing air, then it struck.

A bright purple streak of light sped through the air, and collided with a nearby watchtower. The result was nothing short of devastating. Wood splinters, and metal fragments where launched on every direction.

Hiccup was temporarily blinded by the fiery eruption of wood, but after a moment his vision cleared and he began to align his target.

A streak, nothing more, nothing less, a small piece of night where no stars shown, was the only way he could track it.

The dragon darted to the left; he was making another run at the tower. Hope bristled in Hiccup's gut as he realized this, and took aim once again.

Timing is everything. Too soon, and he can dodge the attack, to late, and well, hiccup still misses.

Not yet...almost there...almost...there...NOW! With a massive "TWANG" the bola launched perfectly, and no more than a second later, he heard the dull thud, followed by screeching.

Hiccup watched on with a combination of fascinations, pride, excitement, and curiosity.

The Night Fury's roar was not what he had expected. It was not deep, nor was it a rumble.

But more of a mildly pitched shriek. Not to the point of causing hearing damage, but loud enough to alert hiccup that this Night Furry is different from the other dragons.

At first Hiccup was ecstatic he was the first Viking in history to he hit a Night Fury. He wanted nothing more than to cry out with joy.

But a hot, pungent breath that smelled like chard meat and death washed over him.

He became riveted in place. A breath like that could belong to only one creature. Swallowing his trepidation, Hiccup slowly turned around.

Only to find himself staring death in the face. He always imagined The Grim to be a hooded figure, holding a scythe.

He was slightly confused then to see bright crimson eyes, and long dagger like teeth sprouting from his lower jaw.

Ow no, this might not be Grimm, but a Monstrous Nightmare is just as effective.

The Dragon roared with anger, Hiccup took opportunity to run. Perhaps having this dragon chasing him is not so bad after all. Maybe, and just maybe, this dragon should eat him.

A quick death would be more favorable than going back to his father, only to be told how worthless he is, then to have the other teens to make fun of him again.

Hiccup yelped with fright when the Nightmare launched a jet of scolding red flames at him. That single action was enough to keep the young boy running. Albeit slightly grudgingly.

Hiccup dove into a side ally to hopefully confuse the dragon. But to his dismay, the dragon kept after him.

Other Vikings leapt out of the way as he came barreling through, the Monstrous Nightmare feet from his back.

He could hear most of them utter curses of irritation, and a few of them went as far to insult him.

Saying that everyone would have been better off if he wasn't born. Or that the dragon should do them all a favor and eat the fish-bone-with-legs.

When he heard that, his feet nearly stopped, and he almost wanted to reign around and embrace his death proudly.

However, his primal instinct in a situation like this is not to stop and surrender, it was to run, run as fast as he could, and eventually hide.

But in a village of Vikings, there were little places that could serve as a refuge. Luckily he wasn't a liking, well not yet at least.

So where a normal Viking would be too large to fit in, he could squeeze in comfortably. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw that the Nightmare was losing ground, and he was escaping.

Although that did little to brighten his spirit's. All dragons have an incredible amount of stamina, and well...regardless, Hiccup knew that the dragon was falling back not because it was tired.

No, it was because he wanted Hiccup to make a mistake. Making a ninety-degree turn, Hiccup sprinted down another ally, then left, to hopefully. Double back on the dragon, then he took a right down another ally.

Bad move, when he did this, he failed to see the turned over barrel, and he went hurtling out into the street.

Before he could react, the Nightmare pounced out of nowhere, and pinned him under his massive talon.

Well this was it then, his release from this miserable life. Looking back on his life, looking back on all the times he had been hurt, the

countless insults, the constant berating, and just not being wanted.

Despite what his gut said, Hiccup couldn't help but smile at the prospect.

He stopped struggling against the dragon and laid his head back and closed his eyes, a small smile crept across his face as he imagined meeting his mother again.

She was the one person he ever had that appreciated him for him, and not expected him to be something he wasn't.

"Why do you accept death so openly?"

A deep voice rumbled above him, confused he opened his eyes to see the Nightmare starring at him.

"You...you can speak?"

"You can understand me?"

The dragon seemed equally surprised by the statement. Hiccup nodded.

"Then tell me, why do you want death?"

"Why...because death is more favorable than living, I wouldn't expect you to understand. "

Hiccup looked up at the dragon, then turned his head to see them surrounded by Vikings, all of them waiting to see what would happen next.

"Can I make one request?"

"That depends of the request?"

"Instead of eating me, can you drop me?"

The dragon looked up from hiccup, and to the group surrounding them, then back to hiccup.

"No, I will not kill you. However, I will tell you this. A beggar will never find happiness while living on the street, but that does not mean he can't find happiness."

The dragon's cryptic response confused Hiccup.

"fare well none-Viking, I hope we meet again, perhaps, on better terms."

Without another word, the dragon released him and flew off, before any of the other Vikings could react.

Hiccup was speechless to say the least; never did it ever occur to him that dragons were intelligent, let alone, speak.

"Hiccup! What in Odin's name were you thinking?"

it took a second for Hiccup to realize that he was now standing, and being shook by Stoic.

"I...I don't know."

He said in a small tone. He knew what came next, and had no desire to look at his dad.

"Do you ever listen? I told you to stay in doors."

"You know how I am, whenever I see a dragon I just have to..."

"No, you don't. Now go home, I have a mess to clean up."

Hiccup stumbled several feet from the force of Stoic's shove. Hiccup held his head low and slowly made his way back home.

"Hey, pipsqueak, you should have let that dragon eat you!"

"I tried."

He murmured to himself as he walked past the group of teens, oblivious to their curious expressions.

"What did you say?"

Hiccup ignored Astrid's question and continued on his way. Astrid was sure she heard him correctly, but couldn't fathom him actually saying it.

"Why does he hate me Gobber?"

"You got it all wrong, he doesn't hate you, he's just...concerned for your well being."

"He's ashamed of me. He wishes that I was someone else, a large strong Viking, a son he can be proud of."

"You see, it's not what's on the outside that matters, its what's inside that he can't stand."

Hiccup slumped his shoulders, if he thought it wasn't possible to feel lower than what he already does, then he was a fool.

He turned around and was about to enter his house.

"Listen, Hiccup, what I'm saying, is, stop trying being something your not."

"I just want to be a son Stoic can be proud of."

That was the last thing Hiccup said before closing the door to his house behind him.

What did he ever do to deserve this fate? He can never do anything right, every time he only makes the problem worst, and never right.

A beggar will never find happiness while living on the street, but that does not mean he can't find happiness.

Hiccup couldn't help but wonder what the dragon had meant. Did he mean that hiccup was a beggar, asking people for their respect, or did he mean that he lives on a street, and the only way he would be happy was to move on?

He didn't know why, but there was a part about his last observation that struck a particular large chord in his chest.

A chord that reminded him of the

Downed Night Fury and its cries of torment as it plummeted down to the harsh ground bellow.

Then something strange bolstered in Hiccup, it was not a feeling of anger, or desire for death, no it was something completely unexpected.

It was concern. After hearing the Nightmare speak to him, and his cryptic analogy of himself.

He now realized that Dragons are not mindless beasts, but creatures of intelligence.

Deadening his heart to his father's disappointment, Hiccup ran over to the side table, and grabbed his book.

He only glimpsed where the dragon had gone down, and was determined to find it.

Although he knew that no matter what happened, he would return a changed man, if he returned.

With that thought in mind, he crawled put of the rear window, and began making his way to Ravens Paint.

## 2. The Beginning of The End

Hiccup decided that the best way to track down this Night Fury was to start towards the south east. From there he would work his way north, then double back, a sweeping formation made the most sense.

Compared to mindlessly blundering through the forest, in hopes of stumbling across the downed dragon.

Now usually he would be contemplating all the possible ways he could kill the dragon. He still has his Wrist Bow, and at least three...scratch that, he still has two bolts in his pack.

But now...Hiccup exhaled nervously. Now nothing makes any sense. All his life Dragons where made out to be the beast of torment and, ferocity, that they where dangerous, cold blooded killers.

But over since his run in with that Nightmare...well, dragons are not supposed to speak, they're not even supposed to be intelligent.

However, what the dragon had said to him still reverberated around the inside of his head.

It was not only an intelligent response, one that was focused around him.

And the fact that a dragon could figure that out about him, in such a short span was daunting to say the least.

Looking back down to his more book, Hiccup crossed off the first of many places he had to search.

What does it mean though? Are dragons really all that vicious? A night ago he would have said "Yes" but now, after witnessing the dragon's mercy. He would say "No".

No, the dragon had an opportunity to end his pathetic existence. He specifically asked it to kill him, and instead of granting his request, the dragon leaves.

Then his father, his father was a topic he nearly forgot about. When he was pinned by the Monstrous Nightmare, stoic did nothing.

He didn't attempt to rescue him, nor to even try to get the dragon's attention.

And after this entire event what was the first thing he said? It wasn't "Are you alright?", "did the beast hurt you?" not even a hint of concern.

Stoic doesn't care about him, and if he does...Hiccup mentally smacked himself for even hoping for such an emotional response from his father.

His affection for Hiccup, died with his Mother. Ever since that day he has been alone, none of the other kids like him, even when he attempted to get to know them, it only ended up with him getting hurt.

So what does it mean when your sworn enemy demonstrates more compassion than your own people?

Perhaps Gobber is right. Maybe he should stop trying so hard to impress his father, and take a moment to decide what he wants in life.

Although, in his current state of mind, perhaps that isn't the wisest decision.

Glancing back down at his notebook, Hiccup was slightly surprised to find he had already marked off most of the map.

While stuck in his reverie he had not paid any attention to how much time had passed.

It was then he realized the sun was up, and judging by its position, was somewhere around mid morning.

Which means he has been searching well over five hours.

"Uh, the gods hate me!"

All this time of searching, he hasn't been paying attention to his surroundings, for all he knew, the dragon could have been steering him in the face and he wouldn't even have known it.

Grunting with frustration, Hiccup smacked a nearby branch, only to have it swing back around and smack him square in the face.

Holding his sore face, Hiccups attention happened upon something out of place.

The branch that had smoked him was connected to a tree that had been snapped nearly on half.

Following the direction of the snapped tree, he saw a large grove, gouged into the earth by a falling projectile, or bound dragon.

Hope rising in his chest, Hiccup slide into the trench, and followed it to a small embankment.

At reaching the rise, Hiccup crouched down and paired over the lip.

Upon seeing its black form, Hiccup dove back down, afraid that it might have seen him, and attack.

But why is that a bad thing, a few hours he was fully prepared to embrace death with open arms.

Shaking himself back to the present, Hiccup hardened his fear and vaulted over the edge.

The ground was firm, yet at the same time remarkably soft. At least the dragon would be comfortable.

He had to shake his head once again, as he steered off topic.

It was a brilliant shade of matt black. There was no sheen to the dragons hide, but he was able to make out a medley of different hues of Blue and purple.

No one had ever seen a Night Fury up close, and he treasured the fact that he is the first.

He was drown into the swirling concoction of different colors, but his foot slipped on something, and had to brace himself on the dragon side.

"Who dares touch me?"

A female voice roared. Hiccup was shocked by not only the suddenness of the voice.

But also intrigued by how musical it sounded. Not even Berks most skilled musicians could have hoped to compete with the melody of the dragon's voice.

"I'm sorry, I tripped..."

Hiccup trailed off when he looked down to see the source of the liquid.

Blood, the dark crimson liquid puddle around the dragon, following the seeping liquid up to a massive gash that began on her side, and ran down her length, where it stopped just above her rear left thigh.

"By Thor's hammer, I did this?"

"That's right, now free me, and fight me with dignity."

"I don't want to fight you!"

Hiccup exclaimed, and walked over so the Night Fury could see him.

"You...You can understand me?"

"Just as you can understand me. Now hold still, so I can clean that wound."

"Stop, how do I know you're not going to poison me?"

"I already had the option to die today. A massive Monstrous Nightmare had the option to eat me, but for some reason he allowed me to live."

"You sound disappointed."

Hiccup only shook his head and removed two vials filed with a dark green liquid, and a light blue one

Retrieving a bowl as well, Hiccup pored the contents of the blue vial into to bowl, followed by a small amount of the green liquid.

"What is that foul concoction?"

"Its to stop the bleeding, now relax."

"How do I know you tell the truth?"

"I could cut your binds?"

"I could eat you."

Hiccup sighed and put down his mixture.

"And I could have killed you, when I first saw you. But I'm not, now let me free you, and I will tend to my mistake."

The Night Fury regarded him with one of her fiery green eyes for several moments, her pupils fully dilated.

Then she relaxed her head, and gave a small growl for him to continue.

Ever so slowly, Hiccup slide his hand out of his Wrist bow and tossed it several feet to the side.

All the while, the Night Fury's eyes never left him.

Then he slowly retrieved his knife. She immediately tensed at the sight of his silver blade.

Hiccup then, with extremely slow movements, began to cut at the first of her ropes.

He started with the ones that restricted her legs, he hoped that it would help her trust him, but he mainly hoped she wouldn't attack him at first chance.

The rope fell away; Hiccup paused, seeing what her reaction would be. When she made no notion to attack him, he removed the rest of the ropes.

When the last rope fell away, Hiccup tossed the knife to the ground and returned to his bowl.

The Knight Furry shifted to a more comfortable position, and fixed her glinty green eyes on him.

Watching his every movement, and also attempting to comprehend, why one of her sworn enemies was helping her.

"Why are you doing this?"

She finally asked, Hiccup didn't answer at first, however from the way, His face hardened, she could see he was deep in thought.

After about ten minutes the Small-Viking-Child spoke.

"Before today I would have leapt at the chance to kill your kind."

She growled warningly.

"However, earlier this morning, after I shot you down, I was pinned by a Monstrous Nightmare. He had an opportunity to kill me, an opportunity that I welcomed."

His small hands paused them, and she could see them trembling slightly, usually she would be uncensored about one of his race, but this one is different.

Not only has he showed regret for what he did, but is also attempting to make things right.

"What happened?" She asked in a less warningly, and more gentle of a tune.

"What happened?" He coughed out in distaste.

"What happened was that one of my enemies demonstrated more compassion in a single moment. Than what my people have ever treated me with."

She then slowly examined him, and began to realize with horror at just how his body contrast to his height.

All the other humans she has seen where big bulky lumps. But this one was nowhere close to their size.

He must be an outcast, or one that they all neglect. Hiccup then pulled his fingers from the bowl, to show greenish blue putty like substance.

"What will that do?"

"It will stop the bleeding, and help with the healing process. But I warn you, it will sting at first?"

She still remained suspicious of the boy, but he has not lied yet, and she could see he was genuinely trying to do the right thing.

So with a force of will, she relaxed, and folded her wing back, to reveal her injury.

Sliding forward, Hiccup quickly began slathering the mixture into her wound.

It burned at first, like a fire blast from a Bird-Beaked-Dragon. However, when the pain went away, a pleasant numbness was left in its place.

She exhaled deeply as she relished the absence of pain.

"What did you do?"

Several moments went by without a reply. Confused at why the young man had not answered her, she opened here eye's.

He was no longer in front of her, but many yards off collecting wood.

This act only made her more curious about the man. He had already helped her once, so why was he gathering wood.

He spent only a few minutes collection wood. She watched him deposit the bundle of sticks in front of her.

Then he arranged them into a formation and began looking throughout his bag.

After another minute of searching he produced a rod of strange metal, then he struck it with a nearby stone.

A shower of sparks cascaded from where he struck and onto the sticks; he repeated the process until the wood was on fire.

"There, that should help."

Hiccup said as he set down, bracing his back against a near by stone.

"What did you do?"

Hiccups head snapped up, almost like he had been torn from a deep thought.

"Hu, oh ya, The blue potion is a healing brew, distilled from a flower that grows on the mountain north of here."

"And the other?"

"A catalyst, to turn the potion into a paste."

"You posses great knowledge to have successfully used the Flower-of-life."

"You know it?"

"Yes, it is widely known among my kin. Tell me, how is it you are so smart, forgive me if I insult, but your people do not seem as...inelegant."

"That's because they're too busy throwing a spear to think about any thing else."

"And what about you?"

"Me, what about me?"

The dragon made a choking coughing growl, one that sounded like laughter.

"How is it you are so smart?"

Hiccup hardened at this. Not because it was insulting, or a sensitive subject, bit one he never took time to think about.

"I don't know. I have always been like this, and perhaps that's why...I am who I am."

He said somberly, pulled his knees to his chest, and began watching the fire.

Her presence didn't even faze him. He seemed calm and relaxed, like she was nothing more than a friend, or one of his kind.

"I never got your name."

"Hiccup."

"Hiccup, that's an interesting..."

"It means runt."

She mentally slapped herself. His expression remained unchanged. The fires light dancing on his face, only added to his slightly depressed demeanor.

Despite what her get was telling her, she wanted to know more about this man.

"Why do you seem so calm around me?"

"Should I be afraid?"

"No, its just your people ate not to find of my kind."

"I'm not my people. The people I live with are mindless brutes. If

one of your young was in danger, what would a dragon do?"

She could tell that this question carried great weight with him, so she chose her words carefully.

"If one of our young was in danger, then we would do everything in our power to save it."

"That's the difference between our races then. Earlier tonight I was attacked, when the dragon had me pinned no one did anything, they just stood around us staring. In that moment, that one moment, I realized death was not so bad, death would be freedom from a life that has shown me nothing but hurt. The reason why I am so comfortable around you is because if you decide to kill me, then you would be doing me a favor."

She could not help but feel pity for the young man, however, from his even tempered demeanor it appears they he does not allow it to affect him.

"Changing the topic, what's the fire for?"

"To help the past dry faster."

Hiccup yawned and stretched his legs out, allowing the warmth of the fire to wash away his worries.

For the next several hours Hiccup got to know the Female Night Furry, at one point he noticed that her teeth are retractable.

Amused by this he called her "Toothless" she found this equally amusing and explained that he could call her that if he wished.

Dragons do not use names, well not like Humans at least. They use images and thoughts as a name.

For example, Toothless explained that the dragon who attacked him was most likely Red-Flame-Tooth.

He was one of the older and wiser among his species.

Hiccup loved this, not finding out about dragons, don't get him wrong, he enjoyed hearing about Toothlesses kind, but it was the sensation of sharing, that he loved.

For all his life there was not one person he found that he could reside in. Toothless is that person.

He explained what it was like growing up as he did, and how it affected him.

Toothless was all too happy to listen. At first she was appalled by the way he was raised, but then went on to explain that the past should remain the past, but never forgotten.

We learn from our past mistakes, and use them as lessons for the future.

With their fire long since dead, Hiccup finally became aware of how

late it was when Toothless sneezed and released a plume of bright purple smoke.

Hiccup immediately became blinded by the intensity of the flash.

"Sorry, are you alright?"

"Ya, I'm fine, but I think it's high time I get back."

"Oh, alright."

There was no missing her tone of disappointment

"Listen, about a half mile down that hill, there's a secluded clearing with high rock walls. No one else knows about it. Also it would work as a great hiding place."

Toothless swung her head around and looked in the direction he gestured.

"Alright, will I see you tomorrow?"

"Of course, I absolutely loved our talk today."

"Me too."

With that Hiccup picked himself up, retrieved his Wrist Bow, and dagger, then began the walk back to his village. Feeling something completely new, a profound sense of contentment.

Happiness, he was happy. With his hopes of the future restored, he set into a dead run, his excitement doubling as Adrenalin.

### 3. Epiphany

The trek back to Berk went by uneventful, but that didn't mean Hiccup disliked the solitude.

He no longer felt alone, spending an entire day talking with Toothless, correction. He never knew how good it could feel to share information with someone.

She may be a Dragon, that doesn't matter anymore. That Dragon has given him something that he has longed for his entire life, Companionship.

Today is by far the strangest day he's ever had. It began with a dragon raid, where he shot down a Night Furry, leading to him finding out that he can speak with dragons.

How that is possible, he can only guess. After his run in with Red-Flame-Tooth, he chuckled slightly.

The way dragons name each other may become confusing at times, but who was he to judge? He is the last person to call something weird.

After His humiliating discussion with his father, if it could be

called that, he set off to find Toothless.

Even though his mind was distracted, he still managed to find her. His finding her marked the dawning of what he hoped to be a wonderful friendship.

One that he is now determined to share with the rest of Berk. Hiccup focused on his village when it became clear through the trees.

He will have to be stealthy while in the village, less he wants to attract undue attention, and unwanted questions.

Not long after entering the village, Hiccup became aware of something out of place. After last night's raid, the village should be teaming with extra guards, but Hiccup counted about half of the usual amount.

Either they had the night off, which is completely outlandish, or there is an event tomorrow that he has forgotten about.

But what event would give everyone an excuse to go home for the night?

Most of the village still lie in scattered heaps of wood and rubble. If anything there should be triple the amount of watch.

Hiccup dove underneath a porch, as a torch rounded the corner. He remained motionless, the guard hadn't seen him, but that does not mean he wasn't alert.

After a minute, the man with the torch left to continue his rounds'.

It took only another minute for Hiccup to reach his house. However, when he saw a light in the window, his heart dropped.

His father was still up, so not only did he have to get in undetected, but he also had to sneak past Stoic.

Stepping on nothing more than the tips of his feet, Hiccup slid the door open and maneuvered inside.

His Hulk of a father was poking the remnants of a fire with a long iron poker.

Holding his breath, Hiccup ran for the stairs, being careful not to make any sound.

Somewhere around the fourth step, his foot caught the edge of the step; the dull sound was enough to alert Stoic to his presence.

"Hiccup."

Stoic said tiredly. Hiccup froze in place. Stoic stood and turned around to face him.

"There's something we need to discuss."

Hiccup picked his head up at the unusual tone his father was using.

It was not one of irritation or disappointment, but along the lines of nervousness.

This both intrigued, and frightened him at the same time.

"Look dad, I understand I messed up this morningâ€|."

"Let me stop you there."

Hiccup ceased with his mouth still forming the next word, after a moment, he closed his mouth and waited for his father to continue.

"I've decided to give you your wish. Dragon training, tomorrow."

If Stoic could read his sons thoughts, it would remind him of a hurricane, made up entirely of self-berating, and idiocy at forgetting such an event.

But then his mind snapped to full alert as he processed his father's words.

"What, dragon trainingâ€|tomorrow. I can't!"

Hiccup pleaded in a tone of complete bewilderment.

"You'll need this."

Stoic said proudly as he dropped an iron war axe in his arms. Mistaking his fear for determination.

"I...I don't want to fight Dragons."

But the only response he got was a bold hearted chuckle from Stoic.

"Yes you do."

"Rephraseâ€|Dad, I can't kill dragons."

"But you will kill dragons."

Hiccup felt this conversation leading to only one outcome. It was an outcome that he would have been more than excited to have, however, after today's event's, and making a new friend. It was a choice that he loathed.

"So, now that we have that out of the way."

Stoic lifted a basket of traveling material, and flung it over his shoulder.

"I am off on another attempt to find the nest. Train hard, I'll be back, probably."

With that, Stoic took his leave. Hiccup watched with his hopes diminished yet again, as his caretaker left their establishment.

Looking down at the axe in his hand, hiccup made his way upstairs to

his room. Out of every place on the island, his room was by far the most secure.

Over the past years, he has steadily turned it into a fortress of solitude. The door frame was reinforced with iron, as well as the back of the door. His walls were plated with solid oak panels and his window had a steel plate that would slide up if wanted it to.

Dropping the axe on the floor, he staggered over to his desk, where he lit a candle and recorded the day's events in yet another journal.

It was a habit he fell into at a young age. With no one to listen to him, and nobody paying attention to his feelings, recording them was the only option he had left.

A deep part of him wanted someone to find them, to read them. So perhaps someday, they can understand what it was like living here, what they put him through, and how little they actually know him.

Exhaling exhaustively, he waddled over to his bed and fell face first on his metal spring mattress, unlike everyone else on Berk, where the standard sleeping medium is a solid wood slab.

He had the foresight to make a mattress, using bent metal springs, and placing a layer of cotton and wool, over a cloth sheet, then wrapping the bundle in thick leather, he created a sleeping surface worth sleeping on.

Aided by the softness of his bed, and the warmth of his thick covers, Hiccup blew out the candle, before drifting off to his waking dreams.

A field of wheat blew in the nightly wind. The smell of spruce, and pine, permeated the air around him. The moon was unusually large, about twice the size as usual.

Looking around, he saw a man garbed in a silvery armor. Unlike standard plate armor, that was rough, and lusterless.

The man's suit was complete, there was not one gap in the glinty steel, nor was there any sign that it was meant to come off.

He could only guess how much it weighed, but the man moved like it was nothing more than cloth rags.

His helmet rested beside him, in his hands, rested a cloth bundle. Curious about the bundle, Hiccup took one step forward, only to freeze in place with a familiar screech.

Looking up he saw three black shadows dart in front of the moon, and angle down to the field. Hiccup feared for the man, and was about to warn him, until he spoke that is. Just then the trio of Night Furriers landed.

"Greetings brethren."

He stated in a diplomatic tone. However, Hiccup could detect an

underlining sense of doom.

"Tonight is a sad night, for our race."

The Lead Night Furry said, in a tone equal to the mans'.

"For both our kin, however, a new hope has arisen. This war is doomed to end tragically; it's only a matter of time before the king kills me."

The Night Fury at the head of the pack walked forward, just as the man mirrored him. They stopped a foot apart, before the man spoke again.

"This Era of Dragon Sentinels is just about over, but I hold here a beacon

placed a ward upon her, she will have no knowledge of where she comes from, nor who she is, neither will her children, or her children's children, until the time arises to strike at the King." Bowing his head, the Night Fury Opened his paws and the man placed the sleeping baby girl in his grasp.

"Fare well my friend, fight hard, and may you find peace, after this life."

The man simply bowed his head gratefully, and turned to retrieve his helmet. Hiccups dream wavered here, and was replaced by a sense of overwhelming peace. Without knowing it, he then fell even deeper, into his nocturnal slumber.

Hiccup was woken by the sound of someone pounding on the front door. Groaning, he looked out the window and saw the sun was barely up.

"Dad, Dad, the door!"

He croaked out, but there was no response. Huffing out his annoyance, Hiccup removed his satchel, and placed his Wrist Bow on the desk, forgetting to remove them the night before, then made his way down the stairs.

"Hold on, hold on!"

The knocking only intensified, Hiccup winced as his ears adjusted to the loud noise. With an oath, he opened the door, and rubbed his eyes as they adjusted to the light of the rising sun.

"Bout' time you get up, now get ready, dragon training starts in an hour."

Hiccup couldn't help but glare at Gobber, who turned his back and began wobbling in the direction of the Dragon Arena.

What could he do now, Toothless expected him today, but what would she think about him fighting dragons.

Although, who said anything about him actually fighting? No one knows about his ability to speak with the dragons yet, and perhaps this can be useful.

Walking back inside, hiccup went to his room to retrieve his iron war axe. However, when he picked it up, he accidentally put too much force into the movement, and buried it in the ceiling above him.

Mouthing "What, the?" He jumped up and jerked it from the wood paneling. When he landed on his feet, he was delighted to find that it wasn't nearly as heavy as last night.

Chuckling to himself, Hiccup spun the axe around, testing it. It has top heavy, that much was certain, but it appeared to be solid.

Spinning around, Hiccup ran from his room, and bounded down the stairs with fleetness, and curiosity.

He was no longer plagued by clumsiness, every step he took, his body seemed to naturally know how to adjust for the various pressure changed under his feet.

Making his way at a brisk, jog, Hiccup made his way to the Dragon Arena, with his axe dangling by his side.

It didn't take long for him to traverse the maze of interconnecting cliffs, and bridges, before he found himself standing at the entrance of the Arena.

This was the moment he's been dreading eve since last night. Although, it isn't as bad now, seeing he possesses a newfound set of skills.

Taking a deep breath Hiccup walked down the ramp, and into the stone lined coliseum. He saw that the other teens had already lined up, and was listening to Gobber rant about how he single handedly slew three Nadders.

Hiccup couldn't help but chuckle at the Irony in his words. Unfortunately, this also alerted the others to his presence.

"Look at what the dog dragged in."

Snotlout sneered in his usual, arrogant tone.

"Great, I hope someone brought the bandages."

Ruffnut taunted in her care-free, tone of voice.

"Alright lads, now you may be strong, faster, and have more courage than Hiccup, but just remember that he posses one thing none of you have."

"An over exceeded amount of clinic bills."

Snotlout Exclaimed, cutting off Gobber, and causing everyone to erupt with laughter."

Glancing down, Hiccup saw a fairly large stone by his feet. Usually he wouldn't resort to this level of violence, but something deep inside him was urging him on, tempting him to hurl it at the Viking

that has caused him so much torment.

Hiccup bet down and picked up the stone. He twirled it several times in his hand before turning to Snotlout.

"Hey, Snot!"

He exclaimed. When everyone turned their heads, he threw the stone. It flew between Astrid and Fishlegs, before impacting Snotlout square in the face.

Hiccup stood with a self-satisfied look on his face, As Snotlout picked himself up. Everyone looked from Snot, to Hiccup, then back to snot.

None of them couldn't believe that Hiccup, of all people Hiccup, just assaulted someone, but what truly surprised them was his accuracy.

Shifting his attention back to Gobber, he raised his axe with one hand and pointed at the Viking.

"Let's begin."

Gobber nodded once, before walking over to the first cage, and began to explain the dragon's they would be fighting.

Hiccup could feel their eyes, and the feeling was slightly unnerving. For as long as he could remember, he wanted them to notice him, and to become his friend. But now, now none of that mattered.

He didn't want their approval, if they couldn't accept him for who he was, then he didn't want anything to do with them. In addition, he had an urge to demonstrate just what he was capable of.

However, he didn't even know what it was he could do yet, and this made him determined to find out.

"Wait, aren't you going to teach us first?"

Snotlout pleaded. Hiccup only rolled his eyes and took a battle stance. Gobber shook his head with a devilish grin and pulled the lever. The wooden doors flung open, as a Gronkle came flying out.

While everyone scattered, Hiccup stood his ground.

"Hey, dragon."

Hiccup called, the Gronkle spun around and stared furiously at him.

"Petty human, you should run!"

The Gronkle exclaimed, before charging. Hiccup dove, and rolled out of the way. Then moving on instinct, Hiccup flung himself up, and spun once, to land facing the dragon.

"I am not your enemy; I don't want to fight you."

"It can speak!"

"Way to point out the obvious. Now as I said before, I am not the enemy."

"How can I believe what you say?"

Hiccup placed the axe on his belt, but remained ready to avoid any attack.

"I can say the same for you. Can we finish this; I have to get back to Black-Skinned-Huntress. She was wounded, and I am tending to her wounds."

"The Night Fury!"

The Gronkle then turned around and shot a fireball at Snotlout, who was in the process of charging him.

"Yes, and if it wasn't for me, she would have died."

"What do you suggest?"

"Use your fire-attack on the other teens, try and get them eliminated."

The Gronkle turned and began firing at the teens. Hiccup continued evading his attacks, trying to make his performance look convincing.

Hiccup watched with satisfaction as all the teens were eliminated one by one. Until, only he and Astrid remained.

The Gronkle released a blast of molten rock; Hiccup reacted first, and dove out of the way. Astrid wasn't as fast, and was blown off balance by the heat of his attack.

Then He charged her. Hiccup took advantage of the dragon's distraction, and ran behind him.

"I apologies for this."

He said, and then grabbed the Gronkle by his tail. With a twist of his body, and jerk of his hands, hiccup spun the dragon around, and sent him flying back to his cage.

His attention slowly fell back on Astrid, who was staring at him with a combination of fear, curiosity, and anger.

"You're welcome."

Hiccup said flatly, before walking out of the Arena. Everyone ran up to her and began asking her if she was alright, but their words fell on deaf ears. All her attention was focused on the lone figure leaving the Arena.

#### 4. Answers

Faster than he ever thought possible, Hiccup ran through the woods.

Leaping over stones and fallen trees, and sliding under low hanging branches.

What was this, not only does he feelâ€¦Good! But all this skill, what is this, and where did it come from?

Whooping his joy to the forest canopy above, Hiccup jumped on top of a boulder, and using his powerful leg muscles, propelled him off it.

As he corkscrewed through the air, everything seemed to slow down. His reflexes and senses working in over drive to keep him level.

A single word ran through his head, one that took on a whole new meaning. "Amazing!" The fact that he was successfully completing these feats of unparallel acrobatics is amazing!

He was probably the first Viking in History to be able to do this. With a twist of his wrist, and jerk of his hip, Hiccup stopped his spinning; and brought his feet under him.

Hiccup flex his legs, and bowed them to dissipate the force of his momentum. Standing slowly, marveling at how he could feel each individual muscle strand flex and contract bellow his flesh.

Laughing now, he continued making his way to the Stone Walled Glade, where he hopped to find Toothless.

Toothless! How could he have forgotten about her, especially after that strange dream last night? Hiccup cursed at himself for failing to remember her.

Reevaluating his priorities, Hiccup turned around and made the short run to his house. Aided by his new speed, hiccup covered the distance in less than five minutes, and before he knew it, his house was in sight.

Glancing around, to make sure no one was following him; he ducked inside, and ran up the stairs in three leaps. After landing on the top floor, with a slightly heavy "Thud" he walked into his room and began packing his bag with the necessary materials.

He grabbed several leaves of dried aloe, a few potions that act as a pain reliever, his bowl, and several other things that would help Toothless in her recovery.

With his bag full, he looked around to make sure he wasn't forgetting anything. Satisfied that he wasn't, Hiccup started for the door, but stopped when his eyes landed upon his wrist bow.

Should he just leave it there, if someone found it that could spell disaster for not only him, but the other Vikings as well. Not to mention their hatred towards a not so hostile-race.

Making up his mind, Hiccup grabbed the device, and his precision tool kit. Now that he had everything that he would require, Hiccup leapt from his window, and fell two stories to the waiting ground bellow.

He transitioned into a crouch, and braced himself with his hands, before setting off at a dead run again.

Did he just jump from a window? He did, and without a second thought about what would happen to him, although, the fun part was the fall.

There was something about the rush of adrenalin, how the air whipped at his face and hair, and the accelerated descent that he just loved.

However, he had no idea just how much he loved it, until a moment ago. Side stepping a tree that stood in his path, Hiccup doubled his speed.

Everything began to slow down again. Time remained unchanged, but his perception is what gave the illusion of slowing time.

His senses working in over drive yet again, he could see every little detail, of everything that dominated his field of view. He could see the individual veins in the leaves that floated down to the ground.

He could count each pine needle that clung to their branch, even the blade of grass that he ran over.

The bugs and their pulsating wings, he could smell the fire that burned in the great hall, the fishy stench of the resent catch, the musky moisture that was carried on the wind.

Everything took on a complete new meaning in this single moment. He realized just how small he is, well not just him, but humanity as a whole.

Compared to nature, they where nothing more than specs, a grain of sand in a never-ending beach. But despite this revelation, he still found reasoning.

Despite the vastness of any beach, each grain of sand has the opportunity to become something greater, like how a pearl is formed, or coal into diamond, even common seashells, and how they can turn any garment into the most beautiful shade of purple.

These are all great examples of how we are not bound by others. If we so choose, our destiny can be whatever we want it to be. I know that what I want to do, and it does not involve the Arena. He now understands what the dragon meant.

Hiccup slid under a tree, then bolted upright and came to a stop in front of the entrance to the clearing.

Ducking his head, hiccup maneuvered through the cramp passageway, until he emerged in the clearing.

Breathing the fresh, crisp air, hiccup lowered his gaze and began searching for Toothless. He didn't have to wait long, until he saw her off to one corner, under the roots of a tree.

Leaping down, he landed with a muffled "thud" then made his way over to Toothless. As he drew near, her head snapped around, and her eyes

fixed on his. After she recognized him, her body relaxed.

"I didn't expect to see you again."

"Well, here I am, and I brought some pain reliever."

Toothless slide her head around, and watched as he began rummaging through his animal-skin-pack. A moment later, he removed a large clear container, and several leave.

She recognized them as belonging to the Wound-Healer-Plant. He pored the pink liquid into the same bowl from earlier, and placed it beside her head.

After sniffing it, she looked at him with one eye. Despite his kindness, she still cannot forgive him, especially after what she discovered last night.

"It'll help with the pain. I am no doctor, but any wound like that is bound to cause discomfort."

Snorting once, she began drinking the liquid. Despite its foul smell, it tasted delightful. Kind of sweet, but also tangy, with a hint of bitterness.

"Hiccup, we need to talk."

She stated bluntly.

"Ya, we do."

Hiccup replied in a slightly happier tone, however, she could sense a great amount of confusion, and curiosity behind his words.

"Alright, you go first then."

Hiccup gave only a nod, before beginning.

"What do you know about the Dragon Sentinels?"

Toothless tensed at the mention of their name.

"How do you know that name?"

"Well, last night I had a dream. At least I think it was a dream. Anyway, I was in a field, it was night, and the moon was the largest I have ever seen it. But then I noticed a man, he was garbed in some sort of silver armor; it appeared to encompass his entire body. Then three night furies arrived, two of them remained behind, while one met the man. They began talking about how the Dragon sentinel's time s coming to an end, and to keep his daughter safe. He gave his daughter to the Night Fury, and walked back to his helmet. That is all I remember."

Hiccup exhaled his pent up breath, and turned to face Toothless. Toothless had an expression of complete shock. Like her god just revealed himself in front her.

Snapping his fingers brought her back to reality.

"So, it has begun."

She said in a deep, somber tone.

"What has begun?"

"Hiccup, what you experience, is something only you can. Your dream was not a dream, but a memory."

"A memory, how was that a memory?"

"Dragons possess something called, Ancestral Memories, each generation adds to the index."

"Index, so, you remember things that happened to your ancestors?"

"Exactly. Now the man you saw, he was the leader, or king, of a species of Half 'Dragons. Their order, was called, the Dragon Sentinels."

Hiccup remained silent, his mind attempting to process everything he was hearing. That's a perk, that is tied to having a higher-level intellect; he can listen to completely outlandish things, and think with his mind, not emotion.

"Before he was killed, their king gave his only daughter to our race. He hoped that when the time was right, either her, or her future generations, will remember who they are, and where they come from."

"Wait, let me try and understand this. From what you have said, talking about ancestral memories, and these Half-Dragons. Then moving on to my dream, and the child this king sent away. It sounds like your implying that I am his dissident."

Toothless had to commend him on his powers of deductive reasoning, and perception. Hiccup took her silence as a confirmation, and began mulling over everything he had learned, and knew.

He is somehow a direct descendant of the man in his dreams. Who turned out to be the leader, and king of a long lost race, who formed an order called, the Dragon Sentinels.

But if he is a direct descendant, and he is now remembering this, then that means

"Who killed them off?"

Hiccup focused on Toothless with a keen stare.

"The Dragon-king He is the most fearsome, ruthless, and gruesome dragon to have ever existed. Your ancestors tried to defeat him, but where unsuccessful. Now he enslaves my entire race."

"If my ancestors couldn't defeat him, then how am I supposed to?"

Toothless narrowed her eyes at Hiccup's calm and collected tone. Usually, she would have expected him, or even a dragon to be unnerved

by news of this magnitude. But Hiccup acts as if he already knew it.

"Before I answer you, answer me this. How do you remain well kept? Any other human would become Hysterical, if they found out they are a Half-Dragon."

"The way I see it, there will be time later for Hysteria. Right now, I need a calm and open mind to fully understand what you are telling me."

"You truly are a Dragon Sentinel. Very well, yes, your ancestors were unsuccessful in destroying the Dragon-King, but before his defeat, the king fore saw a boy, this boy possessed certain traits that no one of their time had."

"Alright, so if I am a Half-Dragon, if only partly, then what must I do first?"

"First?"

"Yes, first. What do I have to do, to prepare?"

"You need to train your body and mind. I take it you have already acquired agility and strength, but now you must gain dominance over your mind."

"Alright, what must I do?"

"Well, before you begin conditioning your mind, you must figure out a way to restore my Flight."

"Flightâ€|."

Hiccup trailed off as his eyes roamed over her sinewy length, finally resting on her tail. Disgust and revolt welled in his chest.

One-half of her tail fin was missing. He could make out the cracked scabs of dried blood, where her tail fin used to be, now an empty space.

"What have I done?"

He groaned, and dumped his head in the palms of his hands. Toothless regarded him with a sense of not only curiosity, but also pity.

She could see the good in his heart. He has spent his entire life trying to fit in with his people, only to be rejected, and ridiculed for his brilliant mind.

What he did was out of a desperation for attention by his tribe. But even that proved pointless. Feeling slightly sorry for the boy, she crooned softly, and nudged his head.

Hiccup tensed when he felt her scaly snout brush against his bare skin. At first he was afraid that she was angry, but after a moment he realized her touch was far to gentle to have been born of anger.

Raising his hands, he looked at her curiously, but instead, she regarded him with kind compassion. A look that had all but escaped his memories.

It reminded him of his mother, and the way she would look at him whenever he was sad, or hurt, and when he would...be... well, himself, which even then, resulted in a frustrated lecture on his fathers part .

"I'm sorry."

He said bitterly. Toothless did not respond with words, but trilled deep in her throat. Though it was a pleasant sound, it did little to ease his discomfort.

Toothless sensing this, decided to distract his mind.

"What is that on your arm?"

It took Hiccup a moment to respond.

"What, this, well, it was originally supposed to be well, never mind its original purpose." Toothless could tell that he originally built it to hunt her kind but for some reason, this did not anger her. "Now, I am attempting to give it a new purpose."

Absent mindedly, Hiccup began shifting the locking lever back and forth. Examining how the gears move to draw the string back and forth.

Out of the recesses of his mind, and idea suddenly presented its self. It was an idea born of a multitude of ideas, and inventions. His attention snapping to his bag, then to Toothlesses tail.

The Dragon watched as hundreds, if not thousands of thoughts pulsed through his head every second. Darting out of now where, Hiccup produced a dagger.

Toothless growled warningly, but Hiccup didn't respond, instead he began cutting at the laces that bound his animal skin bag together. The look on his face was that of deep concentration, almost like a trance, and Toothless doubted he even heard her growl.

When he finished cutting the stitches, he stabbed his dagger into the soft dirt, and began staring at the fabric.

His eyes would dart from her tail, to the fabric, where he would shake his head, or raise his eyebrows. After about an hour of contemplating, he finally broke out of his trance, and looked at her.

"I have an idea!"

Toothless just eyed him expectantly. However, he seemed to have drifted again. She huffed out a breath of air, and laid her head down across her paws.

The painkiller had begun taking effect, and she wanted to catch up on some much needed sleep.

**\*\*On a side note, I would appreciate any feed back you could give. I want to the characters as much to the originals as i can, mainly their morals.\*\***

**\*\*they will change in personality as the story goes on, try to keep that in mind. I am also curious to know how many of you know my reference "Sea shells, to Purple clothing" i mentioned towards the beginning of the chapter, just PM, me the answer. \*\***

**\*\*I am mainly curious to know how many are familiar with this.\*\***

**\*\*Again, please inform me on how I am doing either with a PM, or leave a comment, both methods are welcomed. \*\***

## 5. Journey of A Thousand Steps, or Start of

Later that night, Hiccup found himself seated in front of a fire, situated on one of the watchtowers. Even though his fellow classmates were eagerly telling about how, or, in what ways they will kill their first dragon.

He paid little heed to them, as he was wrapped up in thoughts of his own. The topic this time, is how he will build a flying apparatus for toothless.

Perhaps he should start with the simplest, and begin working on a tail fin. From there he canâ€¦he probably couldâ€¦|.

Hiccup sighed inwardly and rotated his fish-on-a-stick. Gobber was now telling, for what seemed like the umpteenth time, about how he lost his leg, then his hand, or was it the other way around?

He doesn't even try to keep up any more, he's constantly changing the story around, and frankly, He thinks Gobber does it just for attention.

Snotlout is now boasting about how his face is apparently deadly enough to kill a dragon. Hiccup looks up at him. Well, he sure is ugly enough.

Snickering silently, Hiccup returns his attention to the fish, but has his mind yanked back to the others conversation as Gobber points out the so-called, sweet spots on a dragon, their wings, and tail.

Although, Hiccup isn't concerned with that part, instead, his eyes snapped on his mechanical prosthetic, and remember how he is always switching out parts. Right then, a fog is lifted from his mind, and a clear idea came into being.

Wasting no time, hiccup puts down his fish-stick, and makes his way from the tower. It will probably be some time before any of them realizes he's gone, and knowing them, could care less.

Wasting no time, he runs to the forge, and begins the difficult task of building a tail fin. At first, his mind is overflowing with possible ideas on where he could continue after he makes the devise.

But, just like all the other times he begins a prototype, his mind is eventually sucked into the task at hand, and before he knows it, he has fallen into a rhythmic trance.

Allowing his movements governed by mindless instinct, and trust in his hands. Hiccup watches blankly as his hard work consumes the night, and as a few pieces eventually meld together into a mechanical instrument.

By the time he puts the final changes on the fin, and slid the leather canvas into place, the early rays of dawn are visible just below the Horizon.

Hiccup is slightly surprised to see that he has spent all night working on the device, however, despite the countless hours he has been working; he is nowhere close to exhausted.

He laughed quietly to himself, as he remembered the conversation he had yesterday with Toothless, about his heritage, and what he is exactly.

It's a strange thought, for all his life he had accounted being different to the years he had spent fending for himself. Even though that is a part of why he is who he is, it is not the main part.

The main part is that he is a Half-Dragon. An ancient race that had been killed off by the Dragon-King, or driven to the brink of extinction, one of the two. He hoped that at least, some of his race survived, but refused to get his hopes up.

Closing the fin, proudly, Hiccup tucked it under one arm, and began making his way out of the village. However, on his way out, he thought about Toothless, and how hungry she must be.

Not enough time has passed for her to be strong enough to hunt; well at least he thinks so. Not to mention that there is barley any fish in the small pond that occupies part of the clearing, and out of those fish, forget large enough to satisfy a dragon's appetite.

So before he escapes into the woods, he makes a quick pit stop at the Food-Store, and grabs a basket of freshly caught fish. It must have been brought in this morning; otherwise the village cooks would have already began smoking the meat.

Hiccup's run to the clearing went by just as it had before, quick, and uneventful. No one can keep pace with him, and no one knows about the glade.

Well, other than him, and Toothless. Hiccup ducked as he entered the walled sanctuary, and made the leap to the ground bellow.

"Hello, Toothless."

There was a muffled Growl, although it was less of a growl and a massive yawn. Turning in its direction, he saw her uncurl herself from where she slept.

"Hiccup?"

She asked, slightly disorientated. She blinked several times to clear her eyes and saw that it was him.

"What are you doing here so early?"

"I finished working on your tail fin, and I thought you could use some food."

Hiccup placed the basket on the ground and kicked it over, dumping the various species of fish onto the ground. He could see her eyes light up with delight when she caught smell of the fish, and wasted no time walking up to it.

He sat down and waited patiently as she ate her fill. In the mean time, he took to examining his work.

"So, is that it?"

Hiccup looked up and saw that the basket was empty; she was happily licking her chops, satisfied at the meal.

"Yes, it took me all night, but I successfully made a working tail fin."

Toothless eyed the device for several second, and once she decided it was not a threat, she brought her tail around, and allowed him to attach the device.

The sound of ratcheting straps made her uneasy, but he showed no hint at deception, so forced herself to relax. No more than a minute later, he gave on final tug on the contraption and pulled it open.

Her heart leapt with joy and excitement. He did it; he recreated her missing tail fin! Unable to control the sudden, overwhelming excitement that now flooded her mind. Toothless shot up into the air.

She could hear Hiccup's sudden cries of fright, but he stopped when she began to fall. A moment later her tail caught the wind and she shot back up into the air.

It's been several days since she last flew, but those few days have felt like a lifetime. She is a dragon; flying is simply a way of life, without it, she is incomplete.

"Wow, its working!"

Hiccup exclaimed, then she turned to the left, seemingly of her own accord. Gliding back over the clearing, she glanced back to see Hiccup still clung to her tail.

"You can let go now."

She said, then whipped her tail around, sending him flying into the water bellow. A moment later she lost the ability to control her flight, and joined him in the crisp water.

"I thought you said it would work."

Toothless stated grumpily as she shook herself off, and Hiccup came wadding out of the water. An expression of pure joy on his face.

"Whatâ€¦what was that?"

"That was flying; I would have expected you not to like it. Humans own the ground, and Dragon's, the sky."

"No...n,n,n,n, no. That's not it at all. I...I loved that!"

He exclaimed, his voice filling to the brim with an elation that she was not expecting.

"Wait, you enjoyed that?"

Hiccup nodded his head vigorously before slumping down against her side. Toothless was slightly surprised at first, but after the initial shock, she eased into Hiccups back, providing him with a solid back brace.

"Your contraption didn't work."

"Actually, it worked perfectly. Now, I need to come up with a steering mechanism."

"Hiccup."

"Hmm?"

"Thank you."

"What are fiends for?"

Friends, the term is unfamiliar to her. Ever since their King forced the other dragons into servitude, she has never had the need for a friend. But now, Hiccup has ignited a feeling in her that she didn't know existed.

Hiccup gives her a sense of comfort, but also it is having someone you can count on, and trust. Funny, just a few days ago she saw hiccup as a threat, but nowâ€¦Now he is proving that he has the right to be called a Dragon Sentinel.

"Hiccup, there's something we need to discuss."

"Oh, what is it?"

"Do you remember yesterday? When I told you about your heritage?"

"Yes, you told me about my ancestors, somewhat."

"And that you need to train, so that you will be able to defeat the king."

"I remember, but I don't know how to train, or where to start."

"Well, thanks to your healing mixture, I am strong enough to show

you."

Slightly confused, Hiccup leaned forward and looked at the spot where Toothless was injured, and sure enough. The wound was gone, save a slight discoloration in here scales where they had not yet grown fully back.

"That was quick."

"Dragon's have incredible healing rates, that is part of the reason why you have such high stamina."

"Alright, where do we begin?"

Toothless stood up then, ignoring his yelp as he fell on his back, and walked over to grab a sapling. Hiccup watched as she gave a tug, and tore the baby tree free from the ground, and began drawing a cross-looping design in the soft dirt.

Hiccup moved over to a nearby stone and watched with intent fascination as she drew pattern after pattern, weaving it back and forth in an intricate array of interconnecting circles.

When Toothless threw the stick away, she looked it over, then gave a satisfied nod, crooning gently with satisfaction.

"What is it?"

"This is a technique that your ancestors used to train their bodies; it helped them master their agility. The purpose is to navigate it, by moving in a circular formation, and only stepping in the loops."

"Sounds easy enough."

Hiccup stated confidently. He examined the pattern until he decided where to start. Almost immediately he discovered why it was used to build their agility. Right off, he began failing, the combination of moving in a circle, and also paying attention to where his feet where, proved to be challenging.

But as the day wore on, he slowly began to get the hang of it. After about two hours of practicing that pattern, Toothless swept it away, declaring that he had learned all he could from it.

However, she had no plans to rest, and drew another design, this one similar to the first, but a bit more complex. This one was just as challenging, and seemed to pick up where the last one left off, if that makes any sense. He had to calculate each step, where his foot would land, or how far he had to stretch it.

Another thing he found out, was when Toothless said, "not to touch the lines," she failed to mention that he had to move three paces back.

At first he loathed the pattern, but discovered that not only did it help with his balance, but also with his judgment, and perception.

After five hours of practice, he fell back on the ground, gasping for

air. Bending his body in all those different twist and turns not only has his head spinning, but his entire body ached with fatigue.

"Steady your breathing, deep breath in, let the air fill your lungs, hold it, now release it."

Hiccup repeated the breathing exercise until his breathing had returned to normal. He pushed himself up on his elbows, and looked at where he had been practicing.

He could see where exactly he messed up, and where he successfully maneuvered without touching the lines. He decided to take note on this for future tests.

"How do you feel?"

"Sore."

He said with a chuckle.

"As you should, although you should also be proud about the progress you made today, not everyone learned as quickly as you did."

Hiccup pushed himself the rest of the way, so that he was sitting. The sun was still relatively high, and he loathed returning to the village.

"Toothless, what can you tell me of my ancestors?"

"I can tell you almost everything about them. They have secrets that are only allowed among their kind and king however."

For the rest of the day, Hiccup learned everything he could about the Dragon Sentinels. He learned about their castle, which resides on an island far to the southeast, past what used to be the capitol, now known as "The Nest" He learned that the Dragon-King has no knowledge of the castle, and that when Hiccup is ready, he must travel to their ancient castle, and finish his training.

He also learned about Magic, an ancient power that his people where proficient in. Toothless also explained to him that dragon's are tied to land by magic, although they cannot use it.

Then came the question that has been occupying his mind.

"Do you think any of my kind survived?"

"I am confident that they had, however, none of them would have stayed in one place for too long, or risked revealing themselves."

"So, there are none left?"

He asked bitterly.

"Your king was a wise and powerful man, he had foresight, and insight, he was not only a master at predicting future events, through current happenings, but also smarter than anyone of his kind. I believe that he would not have given his child to us, unless he had

intentions to assign someone to assist you."

For some reason, this was the answer he was looking for, or something similar to it. In any case, he no longer felt as alone, in a matter of perspective that is.

Toothless then went on to describe one ability that he found particularly interesting. It was not a common trait, and was only achieved through great pain, of either body, or mind.

Apparently, when forced with dire decisions that concern life, death, or that of a loved one, the human side latches onto the strongest power available. It has to do with humans, Flight, or fight response, and their will to live, or save.

When this happens the dragon side takes over and they become a full-blooded dragon. This is not only very dangerous for the caster, but also for those around him.

Because when this happens, he loses every trace of humanity, and is controlled by blind instinct, and emotion. However, this is only for the first time, and later changes, the human side remains in control.

Toothless finished by explaining that once the person calm down, his body reverts back to that of a human, but not without physical changes. They not only gain stronger facial features, but their eyes also become that of a dragon.

If Hiccup could, he would have spent the entire night there, but as it was, he had to return to the village, someone was bound to notice his absence, and out of fear of what Stoic might do, come and look for him.

He can't have this, he can't risk them finding Toothless.

"I have to go. It's getting late, and I don't want anyone getting suspicious."

"Will you be by tomorrow?"

"First thing, the next dragon training class isn't for another four days."

"Good, I enjoyed our talk today."

"Me too. Sleep well."

Toothless walked over to her spot, as hiccup left the clearing, and began the quick run back to the village. His mood far better than it has been these past few years.

Is this what it is like to have a friend? Hiccup silently mused to himself, all those times he tried to get to know the other teens, only to have them insult them, or proclaim how worthless he is.

He was now glad none of them wanted to be his friend. If they had it would not have been a genuine friendship, not like what is forming between him and Toothless.

Laughing to himself, Hiccup entered the village, slowing his pace, and ignoring the curious glances that were directed at him. Although it was less of a curiosity, and more of a cautious glance, making sure he would not do anything stupid.

Ignoring them, he went up to his house, and went straight to bed, only after recording the day's events, and changing out of his cloths. Despite his exhaustion, going to bed fully clothed was not a good habit to have.

Exhaling happily, he shuffled his body around on the soft mattress, letting his mind drift further and further from his body, until sleep over took him. Although, before he fell asleep, there was a strange sensation, like he could feel those around him.

## 6. Potential realized

"You must learn to trust your body. Ignore second guesses, and focus on the moment."

"Easy for you to say! You're not the one balancing on this branch!"

"True, all the more reason for you to listen to me."

Toothless replied smartly, hiccup only glared at her. Which she returned with a sly grin. Hiccup then closed his eyes and attempted to focus on a single action.

Remaining still, completely still. Although, standing on one leg, as you attempt to balance on a tree limb, more than fifteen feet of the ground, your mind tends to spin.

And it is this that causes accidents. Hiccup forced his eyes closed, after opening them when he almost lost his balance. He is afraid of falling, afraid of leaving a different kind of figurative mark on the earth.

Although, he reassured himself with the thought that if he fell, Toothless would be there to catch him. Slowly, like water droplets on a melting icicle, his mind began to drain of distractions.

The branch no longer seemed as frightening; he didn't fight his natural instincts, and found that balancing became easier. Although, he still swayed on the branch likeâ€¦|pardon the pun, like a branch in wind.

But it was no longer as scary. After what seemed like hours of remaining in a single spot, Toothless called to him, and he crept down the side of the tree.

Hiccup eagerly began his climb down, attempting to gain control over his shaking limbs. You'd think after seven days of training, you would at least have a small measure of control, perhaps he does, but it doesn't seem like it.

How can he have control if he can't even keep his legs from shaking? Or even control his body in the way he wishes.

"You did good Hiccup. You are progressing faster than what I had anticipated."

"And how can you anticipate how fast I am supposed to progress?"

"Ancestral memories, remember. I simple look back to when my ancestors trained your kind, and how fast they gained control over their bodies."

Hiccup nodded, and then slumped down against the rough surface of the Hemlock. His hands and feet are covered in sap, but there will be time later to remove it, for now, he must rest.

Toothless simply walked up to him, and plopped down on her side in the shade next to him.

"You know Hiccup, after this, we can start on your strength."

"My strength?"

"Yes, as I'm sure you know, Dragon-Sentinels posses our strength as well."

"I didn't know that."

"Pardon my assumption."

"No need for apologies, but I would like to test that theory now."

"Alright, but be carful."

Hiccup nodded enthusiastically and stood in a swift motion. Looking around he saw a large boulder, roughly three feet across, protruding from the soft dirt.

Slapping his hands together to get the blood flowing, he walked up to the bolder and wrapped his arms around it. He bent his knees, and straightened his back, then with all his force, attempted to lift the stone.

At first nothing happened, and he could feel the muscle fibers in his back begin to cramp. But then something happened that he was not expecting, the stone budged.

Revitalized with determination, Hiccup forced his knees to straighten again, and like before the massive stone began to move. Hiccup clenched his teeth and growled as he pulled the rock from its earthly tomb, and into the light of day.

With one final heave, Hiccup tore the bolder from the ground, and forced it above his head, panting with a fine layer of sweat across his fore head.

Toothlesses eyes widened as she saw the size of the stone. Above ground, it appeared three feet around, that was only one corner of it, in truth it was cylindrical in shape, now that its out, she can see that it is several feet long, and would have crushed a lesser being.

Hiccup glanced up at the stone, grinning widely, then stepped back, and dropped it in front of him. The ground shook as the dense-mass landed several inches in front of Hiccup.

Toothless only blink as she attempted to comprehend what she just saw. Yes His race could do that, several of them could actually lift stones nearly three times that size. But that was only after training for decades.

Thing's are not as they appear, Hiccup is bound to this land much like the dragon's, and she has a feeling that this land is lending a hand, so to speak.

"Wow! That was amazing!"

The sound of hiccup's exhilaration snapping her back to the present.

"To say the least, however, now that we have an idea of your strength, it would be a good idea to test your other abilities."

"What first?"

Toothless couldn't help but smile at her friend's eagerness.

"First, I want you to jump."

Hiccup nodded then crouched. She could see that he was focusing, which pleased her. It was nice to see that hiccup was in fact paying attention, and learning from her tests.

A moment later, he pushed up with his legs, and sprang off the ground. She jerked her head up, to see him fly eight feet into the air, then fall back the ground.

Right before impact, he bent his knees slightly, and dissipated the force of his descent with ease. She knew that five days ago he would not have landed so graciously, or as pleasantly.

"Alright, super jump, what next?"

Hiccup trilled with excitement.

"You cannot let your mind become distracted. I know you are eager to see just what it is you can do, but remember, when your head is clouded, mistakes quickly follow."

Hiccup nodded with silent understanding, and sat down cross-legged. With his hands palm up, he slowed his breathing, and adapted a steady flow of air, first in, then out. With this breathing technique, his mind cleared, and soon enough, he had quelled his excitement.

"Good, now I want you to focus on that tree over there."

Hiccup followed Toothlesses gaze, to a tree that resided about sixty yards away.

"When you are ready, I want you to sprint to the tree, and then back

here."

Without a word, hiccup dug his left foot into the dirt. He needed a stable platform to push off from.

Toothless observed Hiccup ready himself much like before, and is convinced that a second party is aiding him. Never had any of his race progressed as quickly, or possessed his abilities at such young age.

A bit of dirt slapped her in the face as hiccup lunged forward, his feet digging into the ground, and spitting it out behind him. About three seconds passed until he reached the tree, then he ran several feet up it, and pushed off.

While air born, he did a complex twisting maneuver, and landed facing her, then without breaking stride, recovered his distance in little more than two seconds.

"What was that?"

Toothless exclaimed as Hiccup came to a skidding halt in front of her.

"What that? I don't know rely, when I came up to the tree I got the sudden urge toâ€¦well. Do as you saw. So I took heed of your advice, and listened to my body."

A deep satisfactory growl emanated from deep within her chest, on that caused Hiccup to smile in return. He knew it pleased her when he admits when he listens, but it also pleases him to hear her happiness, praise at a job well done.

"Now, is there anything else we need to do today?"

"No, if you wish, we could try your flying rig again?"

"Almost, I still have to make one more adjustment before it is ready."

Toothless only glared at him, giving him an impatient "how many more times are you going to say that".

"Look, I know your eager to go flying again, but tonight it will be finished. If there's one thing I taught you in these past few days, it's that I am good for my word."

She rolled her eyes and slumped her head down on her front legs. Hiccup sighed and brushed the remaining dirt from his arms, and sat down next to her.

"Can I ask you something?"

Hiccup spoke softly.

"Of course, you can, and I'm sorry for acting like this."

"Don't be. But what I wanted to know isâ€¦.Wellâ€¦.Our next Dragon fight is in two days, and well, we have to fight a Nadder."

"What are you asking?"

"I want to know how I can convince her to give up without too much of a fight. I've already, but she was too...angered to listen to reason."

"You're out of luck in that regard. The species you refer to as 'Nadder's' have massive Egos. They believe they are above the other species, and will do whatever they can to prove it."

Hiccup groaned and slammed the back of his head mildly, against the tree. He was hoping not to fight the dragon, up until now he has managed to convince them not to fight, and that they needed to trust him.

At first it was somewhat challenging, but eventually they warmed up to him enough to retreat back into their cage.

The Gronkle and Zipple Back where easy enough, but According to Toothless; he would have to fight her. Wait, how does he know what gender it is? He hasn't even seen her yet, only heard her attempt to escape, along with her colorful combination of curses and insults.

"Alright, but I don't want to hurt her, only prove that she needs to listen to me."

"That might be a little difficult. In order to win in a fight, you cannot use any human advantages."

"Like weapons?"

"Yes, none of that, only your hands and feet, against her tail and talons."

"Is it to the death?"

Hiccup hopped that it won't have to come to that.

"Only if the opposer wishes."

"Will she give up?"

"I don't know, it all depends on her level of sanity. I can only imagine what it's like to be locked up in those cells, you call cages."

Hiccup averted his eyes regretfully. She was right; the stone walled cellars are not designed to be comfortable, let alone kept in the best of condition. He almost hated the fact that he is associated with the people of Berk, ever since he met Toothless, she has opened his eyes, and gave him the ability to see in a completely new light.

A light that turned the world he once knew into a desolate wasteland.

Toothless looked over and saw the disgust in his eyes, an expression that caused her to regret what she said. She knows Hiccup is a kindhearted soul, she knew that if he wanted to, he could have killed

her, but he opted for the latter, and ever since then, they have grown to be the best of friends.

"Hiccup, I didn't mean anything by what I said."

She said in a gentle, apologetic tone.

"It's alright Toothless. No need for that, you are right. The people of Berk are savages, for my entire life I was raised to believe that dragons were nothing more than mindless brutes, set on ravaging villages for their own gain."

"That's not entirely false."

"Nor is it entirely true. Unlike us, you have no option, well you do, but it involves being digested by a four hundred year old tyrant."

Toothless remained silent, and listened as Hiccup continued to speak in a smooth, gentle tone that always made the gloomiest topics, appear with a silver lining.

"Ever since I met you my life has been completely and utterly changed. I no longer feel depressed, the days don't seem as long and lonely, and for the first time in as long as I can remember, I am content with my life just how it is."

Hiccup regarded her with an expression of equality, and respect that she has never seen before. One that caused a relaxed sigh to escape her, as she eased back down onto her paws.

"It is only now I realize just how ignorant my people are, and how far the seed of misconception has been buried. Everything we know about your race is wrong, and we both have paid dearly for it. However, I believe that things can change, and they will, for the better. We know what I am capable of now, and where to begin in terms of training."

Toothless couldn't help but admire Hiccup's sentiment, and the amount of determination that seemed to appear out of nowhere.

"Perhaps, if I train hard enough, and push myself far enough, maybe, just maybe, we will be able to defeat the King, and free your race from his enslavement. Then, and only then, will Humans be able to see how awesome dragons can be."

"I give you credit for the speech, however, how can we train with you sitting on the ground?"

Toothless replied sarcastically. Hiccup couldn't help but chuckle at her words, and role his eyes'.

"Enough of a break, up the tree, now!"

With that, Hiccup stood, and used what he now knew, to leap up and grab onto the closest branch, then climb the rest of the way until he was about fifteen feet up again. There he slowly rose on leg, and attempted to balance.

It is strange, before he had an extremely difficult time remaining in

one spot, But now, after his heart-changing-realization at what he can do, and how he can better himself, standing still, and in one spot seemed like something a child could do.

After a few seconds, he lowered his arms and found he did not need them to correct his center of gravity, instead, he forced his center mass to remain in his leg, and not his head or chest.

How he did this eluded him, he only knew how to flex certain muscles to remain rooted to a single spot. This must have been what she was talking about, no second-guessing your body, trust it to do the right thing.

Grinning widely, he crouched down on his one leg, and pushed up; he spun his legs above his head, and used his hands to guide his path, as he proceeded through his flip. Trusting his body, Hiccup lowered his legs as his head began to rise, and he felt the sturdy wood of the branch under his feet.

Returning to his relaxed posture, hiccup looked down and realized that the height no longer seemed as daunting, in fact it did little to worry him.

Toothless was still lying down, although this time she wore an expression of joy, he could also see her impressed expression. One that caused a fierce joy to grip his stomach.

The look she gave him was one that he had searched for his entire life, but to no avail. Now, now he is receiving it more and more.

Smiling from ear to ear, hiccup didn't think and leapt off the branch, the ground sped up at him, but right before impact, he bent his legs, and rolled off the momentum.

"You have learned to trust your body hiccup, a feat that not many achieved as quickly as you did."

"We both agreed that I am not your ordinary case."

He replied sarcastically, then looked up to see where he had fallen from. Hiccup couldn't help but chuckle at his superhuman feat.

Toothless peered over at him with a slightly worried expression.

"Are you alright?"

It took Hiccup several seconds to get his laughter under control, and to answer her.

"Ya, I'm fine. I was just thinking." He chuckled slightly, but kept it under control. "I was imagining the look on the faces of the other teens when I fight the Nadder in a few days."

Toothless grinned widely, her rosy pink gums contrasting against her scaly black features. She too shared in his amusement, and could only begin to imagine their reactions when Hiccup, the so-called "Mess up" that they've all come to know, beat a dragon in hand

toothless tail? Never mind, when Hiccup demonstrates his new abilities.

"Let's go you, it's getting late, and I want you back before dark."

Hiccup looked at her inquisitively, before walking up to, her as they began to make their way from the secluded cove that they now used as a training ground.

"Worried about when I get back?"

Hiccup asked with pointed sarcasm.

"You have been exerting yourself all day, and I don't want you passing out from exhaustion before you get home."

"But I feel fine, in fact I feel like I could run all the way around Berk, three times."

"That's the Adrenalin speaking, and once it has worn away, you will feel every minute you spent training today."

Hiccup had failed to think about that, However, Knowing that toothless was genuinely concerned for his well being is well comforting. Although, the fact he promised to finish her tail fin tonight might have something to do with it.

"Alright, if that's the case, how about a ride?"

Ever since she tore him from the ground, after he attached, Tail Fin, mock-one. He has been attempting to convince her to let him rider her again, even if she isn't flying. However, every time she has rejected his attempts, he has a feeling that it has to do with her pride.

"Alright, but so help me Hiccup, if it's not finished tomorrow."

She finished with a low growl, it wasn't a threat, but a clear warning, and made him want to get home to finish it even faster. However, that thought was replaced by cries of joy as she bounded through the forest, at speeds that he could only dream of matching.

Her legs didn't look like they touched the ground; her stride was effortless, and agile. She ducked, wove, leapt, and dodged everything that appeared in front of them.

Hiccup hung on for dear life, and only managed to hold on because he happened to find a notch in-between her for legs, and shoulder, which he used as handholds.

Despite this minor inconvenience, Hiccup still found the ride quite enjoyable, and ten minutes later, found himself right outside of Berk, just inside the tree line.

Toothless sniffed the air curiously as Hiccup slid from her back, only to lean against her side. His legs felt like mud, and it took him several seconds before he found the strength to stand.

"You village appears bigger than before."

"Only because this is the common courters, there are more people living in this section, than the market quarter, which is over by the docks."

Toothless nodded once as she remembered that one night, even though it was only a few days ago, it feels like a lifetime since she's been here.

"Why do your people live in stick shelters? When caves are far more abundant, and safer?"

"I don't know, to me there's not much of a difference, the houses are just as drafty, although I have insulated my room with hey, and moss."

"Smart."

Hiccup did not respond, but remained rooted where he was, watching at how people went about their business. He felt loathing slowly creep into his mind.

He didn't want to go back he realized. What was for him here? People who can't see him for who he is, to blind by arrogance, and hubris, to realize how wrong they truly are.

They have more than enough food to assist the Dragons. But no, it is their food, and will cut off the hands...or wings of anyone who comes too close. Rather childish now that he thinks about it.

With a reluctant sigh, Hiccup bid his fare well to toothless, and exited the woods, she remained however, watching as he approached the village, and the villagers sudden mentality shift as he approached.

Their good humor, and mild temper disappeared and was replaced by disgust, and malicious comments about where he had been, or their surprise that he hadn't been eaten by some feral animal.

Toothless felt one emotion that she didn't expect to encounter, especially in this situation. Anger, how dare they treat one of their own this way, how could they act like such a monster.

And they have the gutless ordacity to call her a monster? Toothless emanated a low growl and took one step forward, but was stopped when Hiccup Looked back, an shook his head, it was slight motion, as he didn't want to attract attention, but it was enough for her to get a grip, and retract her foot.

Now everything makes sense, now she understands why Hiccup hadn't feared her when they first met, although, living among people who do nothing but insult you should turn your very character into something evil.

Toothless held his gaze, he continued walking, but never turned his head away, she could see the hurt he tried to hide, she could see the years of abuse, and neglect, she could see the unseen scars that he

has to hide, otherwise they will prey upon his weakness like ravenous wolves.

How he is able to tolerate their onslaught of abuse is beyond her, everything she is witnessing is telling her that Hiccup should not be the kindhearted soul that she has grown close to, that the mild tempered boy should not exist.

But yet, he is a mild tempered boy, who is kindhearted, and caring, a contradiction to what humans have become. In turn, Hiccup is different, but not in the good or bad sort of way, and she is confident if his people attempted to see beyond his shell, they will see him for what he is.

Toothless's entire body relaxed when she came to this conclusion, Hiccup soon followed, his shoulders slouching slightly. She realized then that he was afraid, not of the people, but that she would attempt to enter the village.

Even though Hiccup turned his back, and disappeared behind some of the building, she remained, watching, gleaming everything she can about these abusive people.

However, the sound of what she guessed to be an approaching patrol caused her to snap back to reality, and leap into the bushes. Luckily she had been standing on a large stone, so her rear claws would not have gouged the earth, alerting the patrol to her presence.

That would have been bad, and even though she could have easily killed the guards, it would have only caused unneeded tension between her and Hiccup, as well as put their relationship in jeopardy.

She didn't know why, but she now feels oddly protective of Hiccup, not in a maternal sense, but almost like Hiccup is now her closest friend, her only friend at that, and she would do anything to see him safe, and to make sure he is happy.

That must be the reason she wanted to attack the people who were insulting him, she could see how unhappy it made him, and it was only for his look that ceased her anger.

A simple look quelled a dragon's strongest instinct. Toothless didn't know what to think about this, only that tomorrow he will return with his completed contraption, and they will go for their first real test flight.

Up until now it had been simple things, like sailing in the wind, while she was roped to a stump. She didn't know why at first, but Hiccup explained it in a manner that she understood, and because of this realized just how much work he is putting into this.

Toothless leapt from the ground, and up to the stonewall that protected her sanctuary, their sanctuary. Toothless flared her wings and gently glided down to the ground below.

It was nearly dusk now, and she doubted that she could keep her excitement under control. So she did the only thing she could think of, she walked over to her spot of earth, situated behind several dense bushes, and laid down to sleep.

**\*\*Just a small side note to all my readers. After a sudden burst of inspiration, I have managed to finish the remaining chapters for this story. Although I will not be uploading them all at once, but continue uploading them every couple of days.\*\***

**\*\*This will allow me to proof read them, before upload, and also give me time to start the Second Book. I have decided to split this story into three to four parts.\*\***

**\*\*Again, I thank you all for reading, and would like to know if you like the idea of me posting a sample of Book two in the last chapter, either PM me, or leave a review.\*\***

## 7. Flight Acheived

Words can't even begin to describe the sheer amount of relief that ran through his body when she relaxed. For a few long, heart pounding seconds, he feared that she would reveal herself.

The look in her eyes was one of anger, an anger that he has never encountered. But there was something else behind it, a motive that eluded him.

She was obviously torn about something, something that she saw, or heard, whatever it was; he knew she would approach him about it tomorrow. Ignoring another insulting comment, he rounded a corner, making his to the Smithy.

Despite the hour of day, or in this case, evening, he still had no desire to return to that crypt, which he has the misfortune of calling a home. Honestly, the overall décor is nothing but paintings of bloodshed, Vikings' murdering dragons in every gruesome way possible.

Hiccup rounded another corner, with his mind occupied by other, more important topics; he failed to see the group of teens approaching him.

"Well, well, well, look who we have here."

Snotlout taunted, hiccup came to a deliberate stop, and slowly raised his head, as if he now regarded the overly obnoxious with a new level of disgust.

"Don't you know what time it is?"

He is obviously attempting to irritate him. Hiccup rolled his eyes exasperated.

"Honestly? Are you so pathetic you have to make yourself feel strong by picking on the little guy?"

That single comment did wonders. First it caused him to swell up, giving him a larger than normal aspect, then his face turned from white, to red, to a shade of red that caused him to resemble a perfectly ripened tomato.

"I don't need you to feel tough!"

"So he admits he's not tough."

"I am tough!"

"But you just said that I am needed for you to feel tough." Hiccup turned his comment around on him.

He could see the dusty cogs in Snotlout's head finally begin to grind against each other, casting away the years of accumulated dust and grime. His face contorted with confusion as he attempted to think of a comeback.

"Noâ€¦I don't need you."

He stammered.

"Good, then I can go about my way."

"Not so fast."

Hiccup sighed, this time with evident annoyance at being kept here, debating with a moron who can't even comprehend basic logic.

"What now?"

Hiccup asked impatiently.

"You still haven't answered my question."

"Bravo Snotlout! You had me worried that your brain might have shut down. But to answer your original question, yes, I do know what time it is, do you?"

"Well dough, its evening."

"Congratulations, you just answered your own question."

Snotlout bustled with pride and tramped off with his head held high, like he actually accomplished something. Hiccup looked with a puzzled expression. How anyone could be that dumb, baffled him.

Hiccup slowly turned his attention around, and noticed that the others were staring at him, both confused, and nervous.

"I don't understand how any of you can stand being around that man. Honestly, I've seen nails with more sense than him."

"What was that?"

Astrid blurted out. Hiccup tilted his head slightly and raised an eyebrow.

"Don't give me that look, where did that come from, how did you do that?"

"What...reasoning? It's amazing how much you can learn about someone when you actually pay attention. And just for future reference, you don't know me at all. Take that into consideration before making inappropriate comments." He directed his last words towards the entire group.

With that Hiccup continued on his way, not waiting for the teens to move aside as he walked past. Despite the lacking victory, he still felt proud of himself.

It is no challenge to defeat Snotlout in a game of minds, but never the less, he can't help but enjoy the fact that he made him look like the complete numbskull he is, in front of his friends, and have him look proud about it after wards.

Hiccup stifled a laugh and refocused on the path in front of him. Counting each individual crack in the cobble stone road, improved eyesight is only one of the abilities he's gained over the past few days, besides his speed and strength, his hearing has also improved greatly, and fire no longer burns him.

Instead, it causes a pleasant tingle, and there's nothing quite like the warmth that infuses his skin from holding his hand over an open flame. This will defiantly come in handy tonight in the forge.

Hiccup estimated that it should only take him a few hours to complete the shifting mechanism, the last and key piece, although, remembering his ride here, he really should make a saddle, well less of a saddle and more of a padded surface.

He decided to make the saddle first, seeing it would take the longest, and he didn't want to make it when his mind is fatigued.

He started off by cross weaving numerous strips of leather to create the outside surface. Then he piled even more sheets of leather on top of it, where he then used a knife to carve it down, creating a small-ridged surface that would contour to his body better.

After he had it in a shape that satisfied him, he wrapped the bottom piece, up around the top, and sewed it in place, using extra stitches, to make sure it won't come apart during flight.

Holding the completed saddle up, he examined it, taking in every detail, and admiring his fine craftsmanship. Satisfied that it is up to his overly high standards, he set it aside and began on the shifting rod, and gear assembly.

These two components will be what gives him the full ability of flight. You see, it's no enough to simply pull the fin in and out, it also has to tilt. The gears will allow him to do just that, with two peddles, one will control how far the tail is extended, and the other will control the y-axis, or up and down.

Making the gears, and Shifting rod went by with ease, luckily he already had an intricate picture of what they should look like in his head, which he used as the basis. Unlike the saddle which he thought up on the spot.

When Hiccup finally finished the last piece, his arms were heavy, and his entire body felt numb, probably a side effect of missing nearly two full days of sleep, it was times like this when he was thankful for the bed he added to the back room.

Also for the fact that he purposely made it so no Viking could walk in

on him, the entrance is far too small. Making his way with the saddle and shifter in hand, hiccup brought them into the back room where he placed them on a table, and toppled over on the bed, falling asleep before he hit the mattress.

The acrid smell of burning charcoal tingled the inside of his nostrils, his ears focusing on the steady rhythmic clang of his hammer on the glowing steel bar in front of him.

He used his big, meaty hands to pick up the smoldering steel rod. The glowing metal felt slightly warm under his flesh, with no pain what so ever. In a fluent motion, he stuck it back into the coals, only to retrieve another piece.

This one was slightly larger and rounder as well. What he was making remained a mystery, only that it was comprised of many hundred different pieces. Each one a different size, and no two where alike.

"How goes the work?"

A voice asked in a tone that sounded eerily familiar. His head slowly rose to meet the man who had addressed him.

"My work goes well, Sire. What you requested will be finished a night after this."

Hiccup realized whom the man standing in front of him was; he was the same man who he had seen in that field, the one who gave his daughter to the Night Furies.

He realized now that this must be another memory, but of what, and when?

"Thank you smith, I will let you get back to your work."

His eyes then left the man's, and focused on the metal in front of him again. A scowl escaped his lips when he noticed the metal had cooled in the brief span, and had to heat it again.

Usually this would not be a problem, but allowing the metal to cool, before he has had a chance to shape it, weakens the steel, and he will have to work extra hard on that one piece to restore its strength.

His vision then wavered to a new one; he was standing alone, with a rag-cloth in hand. From the metallic sheen in front of him, he could tell that it was some piece of armor.

This only heightened his curiosity, and wanted to pull back so he could see the full suit, but the memory forbade him from doing so.

Several minutes of intricate polishing revealed more to Hiccup than he was anticipating. By watching where his hands worked, he could make out thousands of creases, places where the metal joined together.

This intrigued him; usually armor was made out of a single piece, and not a number of separate ones. He had to wonder if this was an

ordination, or did someone actually plan to wear this? To his dismay, the vision stopped here, and he was thrown back into the world of the living, as a rooster crowed nearby.

Hiccup sat up and rubbed his eyes with clenched fists. A low yawn then followed as he swung his legs off the thin mattress. His boots lay in the corner, and Toothless's finished prosthetic fin rested on the bench.

It seems that certain memories are triggered by real world events, certain situations that share some similarity to past ones. Hiccup realized as he stared groggily at the bundled blanket. He heard a noise outside, and leapt from bed.

Despite the fact that he modified the room so the other Vikings could not get in, that doesn't mean any of the other teens were hindered by the cramped doorway.

He pulled the tail fin off the bench, and stuffed it under the cot, and then he grabbed his boots when he heard foot steps approaching. Adopting a tired expression, he glanced up from his bootlace, to see Astrid standing in the doorway.

"Astrid, what are you doing here?"

He asked mildly surprised.

"I came looking for you."

She said in a slightly accusing tone. One that caused Hiccup to go on guard, debating every possible reason she would have for coming, and preparing a suitable excuse, or escape.

"Well, that's definitely a new one."

He stated with obvious sarcasm. Astrid flinched at the bluntness that his words contained, and there was no mistaking the hidden meaning.

"Look, Hiccup, I didn't come here to make fun of you, or to—"

"Oh, if you're not here to throw around pointless insults, then you really have no reason to be here."

Where did that come from? Astrid really never made fun of him, or at least not as often as everyone else did. There are times when she'll say something that is just as bad, or end up making him feel worse than before.

"I only wanted to ask you about last night, what you did with Snotlout."

Hiccup raised an unconcerned eyebrow as he picked up one foot and rested it on the side of his cot, to give him better reach to his laces, and so he can keep an eye on Astrid.

"That did not seem like you, and I was wondering—"

"Let me stop you right there." He said coldly. "Like I told you guys

last night, you know nothing about me, you think I am some weak push over, incapable of feeling anything besides want, unable to do anything right. Well let me tell you this, I have had enough of the insults, I am tired of being mistreated, and I am fed up with pretending to be something I'm not!"

He was practically growling now, Astrid remained rooted with what seemed like fear. It gave him a small measure of satisfaction to see her like so.

"Viking's are cold hearted brutes, for years I thought Dragons where the monsters, but now, now I see the real monsters."

He said with a snarl, and plucked Toothless's tail fin from out under the bed in a swift motion. Astrid was clearly not expecting his speed; she was really thrown off guard when he pushed off the bed, and rolled out the window behind him.

"Wait, Hiccup, where are you going?"

She's persistent he'll give her that.

"What's with the sudden concern for my well being?"

Hiccup stated with an irritated grunt, before making a dash for the woods, keeping far under his top speed, but fast enough to cause her to reconsider everything she knows about him. If he knows her as well as he believes, then she will brood over this for the next few weeks.

He laughed slightly to himself as he leapt from the empty street, to a low awning, then to the roof of a nearby house. It would be best to avoid the ground, if someone saw him running at this speed, carrying some unknown object, it will only cause problems he doesn't need.

Hiccup leapt from one rooftop to the other with fluent grace, then landed on the soft soil just beyond the village. Looking over his shoulder, to make sure no one saw him, he sprang into the woods, making a quick and effortless run to the Stone-Wall-Clearing, where Toothless was.

Great, some of her is now rubbing off on him, as he thought about how he put images to the place he was thinking about. Remembering what she told him about her race, and how they rely on images and scents to distinguish each other

Although, it really doesn't bother him, it actually makes him feel good, that they are becoming more in tune with each other, better understanding of how the other thinks and reacts. This will be a vital equation to their relationship if he does fly with her.

There is no "if", so he had better start paying attention to her subtle emotions, a twitch of an ear for example, it could mean she is angry, or is concerned, it could even mean she is getting ready to pounce, like now!

Hiccup dropped flat on his chest as he caught the sight of a dark blur out of the corner of his eye, and landed with a muffled "thwump" behind him. He rolled over and braced his arms, ready to react to

another one of her attacks.

"I warned you, did you bring the finished fin?"

She asked quizzically, sitting back on her haunches, and glaring at him with one eye fixed on him, wide and dilated.

Hiccup merely smiled and pushed himself up off the ground, and laid the bundle of blankets in front of him. Toothless turned her head and looked at him with an intense curiosity; she slowly walked up to him as he tugged at the strings, then pulled the sheets away.

It resembled nothing like she had imagined, yes there was the fin, but it was accompanied by a massive collection of metal rods, and gears.

"What is that? That can't be my tail fin."

"It only looks different because of the saddle."

He removed the lather pad, and placed it off to the side. Thankfully he had the foresight to put the two together when he heard Astrid.

"Now turn around and I'll hook it up."

Toothless felt another burst of excitement as he strapped the familiar-smelling-fin to her tail, and Animal-smelling-pad to her back, then began by hooking the two pieces of equipment together. It was confusing at first, but after hiccup explained it, and demonstrated a few things, she understood.

That is one thing she loves about the boy, his ability to explain things in ways that she understands, and the fact that he doesn't beat around the bush, helps.

In a few short minutes, hiccup had her fully rigged and the saddle on her back.

"Ready?"

He asked, not bothering to conceal his nervousness. Toothless turned her head around and sniffed the strange device curiously, before crouching down so he could climb on.

The saddle was a good idea; he strapped himself down to it, before shifting both peddles experimentally. He looked back and watched as each peddle completed its specified task flawlessly.

"Alright, let's go."

The word died in his mouth as wind assaulted him from the force of Toothless's take off. But like always she lost control and began to fall. Taking over, hiccup shifted the fin open, and she pulled up, shooting out over the top of the clearing, and into the clear, mid morning sun.

Looking back, he made sure it was still open, then angled her towards the water; she complied with his reaction without question.

Hiccup tilted his head back, and revealed in the moment. This was something he will never get over; the feel of the wind blowing through his hair, the sensation of flying is equaled to none.

Looking forward again, he noticed a stone archway, and decided to see what they can do.

"Alright, nice and steady."

He said gently, she tucked her ears back, and he pulled the fin fully open, forgetting speed in favor of control. He looked up to see them pass effortlessly under the stone archway.

"Great work!"

He praised, Toothless took his good praise as a sign, and increased her speed towards a group of stone pillars, she knew this was going to hurt, but what better way than to test his ability.

The first impact hurt the most, but she quickly recovered, only to be slammed into another one. Irritated now, she swung her head around, and slapped him with one of her ears. He grunted, then muttered something about a certain position.

Relaxing now, she pulled up into a vertical climb. He was exclaiming something about how good the wind in his hair feels, she enjoyed hearing his pleasure at flying.

Exuberated, she slowed out of the accent. Glancing up, she saw Hiccup was above her, with an expression of utter panic, for a moment she was curious at what he was doing up there, but then she realized that if he was there, then who was helping her fly.

"HICCUP!"

She roared, just as gravity took a hold of them and began to pull them both down.

"Alright, I need you; I need you to turn to me!"

He frantically pleaded with her as they free fell down to the break bone water bellow. She has no control over which way she spins, not without his guidance. But when she hit him with her tail by accident, she forced herself to stop spinning; it gave him all the time he needed to get seated.

Growling fiercely, he pulled back on the saddle, providing enough drag for her to open her wings and slow their decent, but they where coming in to fast , and there was a large section of pointed rocks bellow them.

"Hiccup, do something!"

But he did not say anything, time seemed to slow as they drew ever nearer to the stone, hiccup didn't know what to do, or how to avoid the stone. They will die here, and now.

Hiccup's heart was racing as every second brought them closer to death. Hold up, since when is the one to give up so easily, death

would be the easy way out, and when was the last time he chose the easy way out?

Forcing his mind to focus, he relived all the training toothless had put him through, and how to listen and trust your body. Moving freely, he pushed his chest forward, and adjusted the fin. Toothless allowed him to take lead, and angled downwards, right when she thought they would crash, he shifted the fin and they spun to left, then right.

Time almost stood still as they passed by rock after rock, Hiccup shifting his body weight in rhythm of their turns. His timing was the exact definition of "Perfect" he didn't hesitate; he only acted, and reacted. Toothless couldn't help but feel her pride bolster at this thought.

Hiccup did something that pushed her into a spiral, propelling them through a narrow gap, then straightened, only to avoid a series of tightly packed rocks.

Then just as quickly as it started, it was over, and they were flying through clear skies once again. She could feel him sag on her back, resting his hands on the saddle.

"We did it."

He said almost disbelievingly. Toothless growled with satisfaction, then tilted her wings to angle back to shore. Hiccup corrected the fin to compensate for the angle shift. He seemed completely in tune with her now.

"How do you like flying now?"

She asked smugly.

"Still love it."

He said with a chuckle. She loved that answer, and loved the fact they now have something to share, just the two of them. Laughing inwardly, at the irony of everything, she furled her wings and slowed their flight, determined to enjoy this moment while it lasts.

\*\*Alright, change of plans. I know last chapter I said that "\*\*\*\*I will not be up loading them all at once, but continue uploading them every couple of days" Something has come up that I have forgotten about.\*\*

\*\*Every year, my family and I, go up north for the Sandwich fair, now even though the fair is only for a few days, we usually end up spending two weeks with my grand parents.\*\*

\*\*Unlike the modern world, they prefer things...old school. That mainly means no Internet. \*\*

\*\*I will be bringing my laptop so I can continue the series. But there will be no further uploads until I return. \*\*

\*\*Without further a due, I give you the rest of Book 1, along with the "Teaser" \*\*

## 8. Fighting Foolishness

The soft scales of her side felt pleasantly nice against his cramped back, after hours of flying, and acrobatic maneuvers, hiccup's entire body might as well be a piece of iron. Every time he twists, his back stretches in angry protest, every joint pops, and or cracks.

But the sore muscles are a minor price to pay for the indescribable amount of joy that pulsed through his body when they few together.

Toothless began gagging in her throat, a moment later half a fish came out, and slid off her tongue and onto the stone floor. She looked at him with an offering expression.

"No thanks, I got my own."

He said softly, but underlined it with appreciation; Hiccup gave a rise smile, before tending to his roasting fish. The day had been long and exhausting, however, despite the numerous mistakes at first, both he and Toothless learned to trust each other's judgment, and that right there, is the key.

Trust, if she didn't trust him, or him, her. Then how could they be able to operate successfully, they couldn't. Hiccup couldn't help but feel proud of himself for gaining the trust of a dragon, but didn't find it nearly as satisfying as her friendship.

For years he attempted to become friends with the other teens, attempting to impress them or do something to get their attention. Now he realizes that even if he become their friend, it wouldn't be a true friendship.

Toothless on the other hand, she practically fell into his life. He grinned slightly at the irony in his words. He didn't have to impress her, besides tend to her woundâ€¦the one he createdâ€¦shaking himself, he focused on befriending Toothless.

He didn't have to do anything complicated, or demonstrate his skills, or prove how incompetent he was in combat. No, she trusted him from the start, because if she didn'tâ€¦well, she didn't have to trust him, but he is thankful she did.

Who needs a large group of friends that will turn around and stab you in the back, or refuse to help you when you need it the most? That isn't his definition of a friend, a friend is some one that will stand beside you through thick, and thin, you can trust them to be there for you, someone who you can be confident in.

Hiccup smiled blankly as he rotated his fish. Toothless nudged him, getting his attention.

"You did well today, thank you."

Hic wrapped on arm around her neck, and slouched back into a more comfortable position.

"You welcome, but there's no need for thanks, it was my

pleasure."

Toothless growled appreciatively, then downed another fish. Hiccup focused on the horizon, and the setting sun, ignorant of the two green eyes now boring into him.

"Hiccup, can I ask you something?"

"Hmmm?"

"Yesterday, when I dropped you off at your village, I saw how you are treated."

Hiccup sighed, and pushed himself back up.

"Don't think about it, it's nothing."

"A few days ago I would have agreed with you, but I am worried about you, concerned for your well being."

Hiccup didn't answer for several long minutes, staring intently into the fire.

"That a first."

"What?"

"Your concern. I'm not going to lie to you. What you saw yesterdayâ€¦it's nothing new. That's how I've been treated since the beginning, or at least since my mom died."

"How do you tolerate it?"

"How can't I, I am the chief's son, anything I do blows back on him."

"Then why doesn't he do something?"

Hiccup could detect the anger in her voice.

"Becauseâ€¦becauseâ€¦."

Hiccup trailed off, he knew exactly why Stoic doesn't say anything, by defending Hiccup, telling the villagers not to abuse him, then he in turn will look weak, and nothing is worth sacrificing his reputation, not even his own son.

Toothless nudged him apologetically.

"I'm sorry Hiccup."

"It's alright. I'm just not used to this."

"It'll be alright, if ever you need me, I am here."

Hiccup pulled his knees into his chest, and leaned closer against her side, relishing the warmth, and comfort she radiated to him. But like all moments, this one did not last.

His attention snapped around with the distant screech of Terrors. Although he didn't feel threatened, only "protective", if that's the right term to use. Toothless explained at how they enjoy nothing more than to steal other dragon's food.

Without saying anything, they began scouring around the rock, searching for fish fragments to eat. Hiccup couldn't help but chuckle at their childish behavior, the way they wrestled, and shot fire at each other.

Then one managed to sneak a fish from Toothless, she jabbed her neck out and snatched the fish from the dragon's mouth. She finished by swallowing it whole, and laughing at the Terror.

Hiccup couldn't help but feel slight sorry for the creature, and pulled his fish from the stick and tossed it to him.

"If you where hungry, all you needed to do was ask."

He said in a mild tone. The dragon froze in place when it heard his voice.

"You, I understand you, but howâ€¦.No, it cannot be."

Hiccup gave Toothless a frustrated Glare.

"So what, doe's every dragon know about me?"

Toothless grinned sheepishly.

"As I have told you, all dragon's share ancestral memories, and we all remember your race."

"But how, I thought they were killed off."

One of the Terrors interrupted.

"It's complicated, but all that can be revealed is that Fortido set a plan in place. A plan that Hiccup here, will finish."

"Oh, this is a joyous day indeed. I must tell the others."

"NO!"

Toothless exclaimed, surprising Hiccup as well as the three terrors that now sat in front of them.

"He must not know of hiccups existence, if we want any chance of killing him, then he must not know that the Half-Dragon royal blood line has survived."

Hiccup saw how the other dragons looked disappointed, but at the same time understood the gravity of this situation.

"Alright, but pleaseâ€¦.Hiccup, allow at least two of us to accompany you?"

"I cannot do that, if either of you where to be discoveredâ€¦."

"By an overgrown lump, who can barely see their own toes? No, we have more than enough skill at evading the villagers of Berk."

The name sounded slightly distant, almost as if he had trouble pronouncing it.

"I can't, I will not risk your lives, just so you can keep an eye on me."

"Please, Hiccup, we owe it to you."

He sighed unsure of what to do, and pinched the bridge of his nose in thought.

"You do not need to worry about them being discovered, Hiccup. The terrors are renowned for their stealth capabilities, in fact, Fortido, the orders king, and your distant relative, employed their services countless times."

This eased any hesitation that he was feeling. He trusts Toothless' words, he trust her more than anyone else, and he would take her word over his father's any day of the week.

"Alright, but three conditions."

The terror closest to him, also the one who had spoken earlier thought about it for a moment, then nodded his head vigorously.

"First, you must be one of the two to follow me, second, you will follow me from the shadows, or the roofs of my village, finally, do not reveal your selves, unless I signal you too."

The dragon didn't even wait a second before nodding his oval head. Then turned and faced his brothers. Hiccup leaned back against Toothless and laid one leg out, but kept his other one tight to his chest.

Hiccup looked out at the ocean blankly, taking in the beauty of the setting sun. Ever since his vision improved dramatically, he has seen countless things that eluded him before, most of them being vibrant.

But nothing is even close to being as beautiful as this sunset. How the reds and oranges complimented each other, but also contrasting against the purple clouds, and yellow sun, and how everything turned the ocean into a color that he won't even attempt to describe.

Hiccup forced his gaze away from the setting sun, when he caught a glimpse of a flying object, it took him a moment to realize it was the terror, flying back to only he knows where.

Looking around, he saw the other two, sitting beside the fire he created, soaking up its warmth, just as he was.

"It's getting late, we should be returning back soon."

Toothless looked at the sun, then snorted with displeasure. He was also loathed to leave, but less he wanted to be questioned.

he could care less about what they think, if he wants to spend the entire night out, then he will.

But it would still be best to avoid suspicions.

Hiccup slowly stood with Toothless, then kicked dirt on the fire to smolder the remaining coals. The terrors watched intently as he climbed on Toothless's back, and strapped himself down, then adjusted a device on her tail that they recognized as a fin.

Before either of them could comment, she was flying, and they sprang up after them, determined to keep good on their offer to watch over Hiccup, although, they both knew it was more for their own peace of mind, and not for his well being, Hiccup is more than capable of taking care of himself.

"Pardon me for asking, but why do you use that?" "What is that?"

Hiccup looked down at Toothless regretfully.

"It is a mechanical fin, before I knew about my past, and who I was. I tried everything to earn the respect of my tribe. In the process I shot down Toothless here, and she lost half her fin in the process."

"What do you mean by "tried", to earn their respect?"

"I will answer your questions later, but for now, let us fly."

Hiccup shifted her fin into "cruise" mode, and headed back, stretching his cramped muscles, and inhaling the salty air. Toothless seemed equally relaxed, and to have enjoyed their flight together just as much as he did.

Before he knew it, Berk came into sight, the setting sun rendered her invisible to anyone on the ground, so she didn't have to worry about being spotted. Hiccup switched the fin as she began her decent, angling down towards the forest that lined the village.

"Remember Hiccup, Nadder's can be arrogant and extremely self centered. The quickest way to defeat them is to direct your attack towards their head. If you inflict enough pain, then they will admit defeat."

"Thanks, I'll remember that."

Hiccup patted the side of her head, before turning to the village. Hiccup didn't glance back as he exited the woods, and made his way for the sleeping village. Everyone had gone to bed early tonight, probably no doubt to prepare for the warriors return tomorrow.

He nearly forgot, not only is he going to get into a fistfight with a Nadder, but he will also have to answer all the questions his father will undoubtedly have for him. The best thing he can do is...is focus on the moment, and tackle one challenge at a time. Although, he is hoping that the vessels will return after his fight.

Finding his house, hiccup pushed his way in and walked up to his

room, where he opened the window to allow the two Terrors to fly in. Once they landed, hiccup walked over to his dresser, and dropped his knife, then proceeded to remove his shoes.

Looking around, he saw the two dragons where already resting on a support beam, so he decided to call it a night also.

The next morning, Hiccup was rudely awakened by the sound of someone pounding on the door to his room.

"Hiccup, Hiccup, get up!"

Grumbling to himself, Hiccup rolled out of bed and slowly rose to his feet. His legs felt unsteady as he wobbled over to the door, he slid back the steal bolt, and picked up on the latch, releasing the four bolts that held the door firmly closed.

"What?"

He asked irritably, as he cleared his eyes.

"I was making sure you where up. I don't know how you've become so good, and I would hate to see you fail now."

Hiccup glared at Astrid, detecting her overly sarcastic tone.

"Enough with the act, Astrid, I'm not in the mood."

He looked out the door, then down the halls.

"What are you doing here, really? Dragon training isn't for another hour, and I doubt you came here because your board."

"No, you're right, I...I came here to apologizes."

Hiccup just stood there frozen. Astrid doesn't apologies, and she especially doesn't apologies to him. However, the look in her eyes reassures him, and he relaxes, although he waits a few moments as the Terrors vacate the room, via the side window.

Astrid walks in as he steps off to the side, and looks quizzically at his bed, before sitting down. Hiccup spins around when he hears a loud gasp, afraid that one of the dragons where spotted, but Astrid was lying across his bed, with her arms outstretched.

"Ummm, Astrid?"

Hiccup asked, as he sits down next to her.

"Where did you get this?"

She asks with a dreamy sigh.

"I made it, you mentioned an apology?"

Astrid snaps back to reality, and props herself up on an elbow, and look at him for several long moments. The way she was looking at him, like an equal, but with a tenderness that he's never seen before, and to his unexpected surprise, it did not trigger the usual fires of

passion. But instead a deep calm took its place.

"I never realized what type of man you are Hiccup. For years I ignored you, shoved off the possibility that you might be a skilled person."

Astrid sighed and scratched the back of her neck nervously.

"I ignored the pain you felt when Snotlout made fun of you. I saw the hurt, and to hide my own feelings I partook in their games every so often."

He took note of her tone, and how it resembled something of self-disgust.

"I came here, to tell you just how deeply sorry I am. I don't deserve your forgiveness, not after everything I've done to you, but I hope that you can understand."

She was no longer looking at him, instead looking at a patch of nearby floor. She wanted to hear something, she wanted to yell at her to tell her that he will never forgive her, that's what she deserves...

Her head snapped up when she felt a gentle hand on her shoulder. Astrid nearly melted under the penetrable gaze of his dark green eyes. Which to her surprise held no resentment, no anger, or any ill will towards her, instead, he was looking at her with understanding.

"Thank you Astrid, and your right, you don't deserve my forgiveness, none of you do."

Astrid winced at the softness of his voice.

"But."

He drew out the word, putting an emphasis on the end. This caught Astrid's attention, and she turned to face him.

"It takes real brass to admit when you are wrong. I admire you for it. Although I can't forgive you, I can still say this. Let bygones be bygones."

Hiccup watched as her tightly clenched face slowly relaxed, and she exhaled her pent up breath.

"You surprise me yet again, Haddock. I was not expecting you to..."

"Come to a compromise this easily?" He said with a raised smile. Astrid tried to think of something to respond with, but after several moments of drawing blanks, she relaxed her shoulders, and nodded her head.

"Now that we have this out of the way, can I get dressed?"

A bright flash of color strolled into her expression, before she stood from his bed, and left the room with evident haste. A small smile crept across his face, as he began to change for the new

day.

While in his dresser, his hands happened across a piece of fabric that he had all but forgotten about. It was another one of his inventions, he's made so many pointless contraptions in his life, he would kill over before remembering where he's hidden everyone.

He had woven metal wires, into an extra heavy woolen fabric, then sowed it on top of thick leather. It was supposed to protect the wearer against burns, but like all his inventions, Stoic wanted nothing to do with it.

Shaking his head, Hiccup finished getting dressed, and brandished his axe, before leaving. To his surprise, Astrid was waiting downstairs, running a trained eye over her axe, but snapped her attention to the stairs when she heard repaid footsteps.

Hiccup yelped happily, as he launched himself from the top of the stairs, only to catch the main support beam, and spin once, before landing with perfect grace.

Astrid shifted, revealing her presence to Hiccup, who froze in place.

"Astrid, what are you still doing here?"

He exclaimed nervously, clearly taken back that she hadn't left yet.

"Never mind about me, are you insane, you could have hurt yourself!"

She snapped. Hiccup only shrugged his shoulders.

"And yet I didn't. I have changed Astrid; I am no longer that scrawny screw up that everyone remembers."

His voice had a sharp "point" to it, not directed at her, but not aimed away either. Hiccup didn't know why he is angry all of a sudden, or what happened to all those childhood feelings he had for her. But she no longer had that "effect" on him.

Hiccup sighed in frustration, and pinched the bridge of his nose. Despite her lack of awareness towards him, she didn't deserve this wrath either.

"I'm sorry Astrid; I didn't mean to snap at you. Ever since I started training, everything hasn't seemed like it should."

She looks at him incredulously.

"You've been training?"

Hiccup smiled slightly, and shrugged his shoulders.

"We really should go, and I doubt that anyone should see you leaving with me."

She immediately bristled at his comment.

"And why is that?"

Hiccup shook his head, and walked over to the door, Astrid following as he opened the solid maple door.

Taking a step outside, Astrid continued forward, as Hiccup closed the door behind him. Unfortunately, the teens, were walking by as they left Hiccups house.

"Astrid, babe, what are you doing at that fish bone's house?"

Snotlout jibed. Astrid only looked at Hiccup with a knowing expression, but his was blank, to her surprise, she could read anything bellow his impenetrable guise. After a moment when she didn't respond, he took the initiative.

"Is that really a good idea Snotlout? Calling the chiefs son rude, and impropriate names is a great way to earn you stall duty."

Hiccup spoke warningly, but also calmly, and with a trace of genuine concern. Snotlout's face tensed and Hiccup could see those rusty cogs turning.

"But the chief isn't here, how will he know if I call his son names?"

Is Hiccup truly related to this dimwit?

"You of all people should know the chief knows all."

Hiccup spoke in a slow, drawn out tone. Snotlout seemed just as puzzled as before.

"I suppose so, you won't tell him, will you?"

Snotlout's expression was actually pleading for him not to say anything. Hiccup only chuckled, at not only his expression, but also the shocked stares the others where directing at him.

"Don't worry cousin, i won't tell the chief."

Laughing openly, Hiccup started off towards the Arena, leaving everyone else in complete bewilderment. And Snotlout sighing a breath of relief, failing to realize he was just made a fool of yet again.

This is unusual to say the least, he isn't afraid any more, he doesn't care what the others think of him, and for the first time since he can remember, Hiccup has a sense of self-satisfaction.

Is this what having a friend can do to you? Changing your entire mentality, filling you with contentment, and reestablishing long lost confidence.

Hiccup slowed to a walk as he came up to the ring, then sat down against the stonewall, and occupied his mind by debating what the best way to fight the Nadder would be.

"Gobber, I have a question?"

"Yes Hiccup, we are fighting the Nadder today!"

Hiccup didn't bother acknowledging Snotlout, which irritated him without a doubt.

"I have been training for several weeks now, and I was wondering, well..."

"Spit it out lad!"

"Could I have first run at the dragon?"

Gobber looked at him curiously, as he stroked his braided mustache; finally he shrugged and walked over to the lever.

"Hiccup, are you crazy?"

Tuffnut exclaimed.

"More than you know."

He replied smoothly, then took several steps forward. Gobber looked at him like he was about to die, then pulled the lever. A split moment later, the doors flew open, and a line of spikes came flying out, followed by a screeching Nadder.

Hiccup bent down and grabbed a shield, then lunged into a back flip and hurled the shield at the dragon's head. The spikes passed under him in what appeared to be slow motion, just as he heard a "Crack!"

He landed on both feet, and saw wood shards scattered around the dragon who wobbled about uneasy. He stunned her, this was a promising blow, Hiccup sprang forward, bellowing as he did.

The sudden sound of his voice snapped the Nadder back who looked at him. She recognized him as the boy who the other Dragons described to her.

She spun around, trying to knock him off balance so she could pin him down, but he dove over her tail, then rolled and leapt at her side. The force at which he punched her side took by surprise.

For a human, his fists should not hurt as bad as they do, but she remembered who he is, and had to rethink her strategy.

Astrid watched with astonishment, as Hiccup avoided two of the Nadder's most deadly attacks like they where nothing. The speed at which he ran and attacked was also amazing. Her hand shot to her mouth to prevent a squeal as Hiccup leaned back to avoid the dragon's tail swipe.

Then he did something she wasn't expecting, he grabbed the tail, and allowed it to fling him into the air. She could see his concentration as he sun once, then angled himself as he came down and landed on the dragon's back.

With a series of rapid punches, and a few kicks, he had the Nadder stumbling away. Hiccup then flipped off its back, and landed several

yards in front of them, facing the dragon who attempted to gain balance.

She noticed that hiccup's breathing was slightly heavy, but other than that he appeared fine. Her attention snapped to the Nadder when it shrieked, then charged. Hiccup remained rooted where he was, she saw his entire body tense, but other than that, he remained completely still.

"Well, he's dead."

Snotlout said calmly, just as the Nadder was about to tackle him. But then, Hiccup did something no one thought possible. Using all his strength, Hiccup leapt into the air into a back flip, the only sound they heard was a dull crunch, as his legs met the underside of the dragon's jaw.

Hiccup clenched his teeth together when he felt something crack inside his leg, and thought that he had broken it, but it wasn't a sharp pain like the others, instead it was a dull jolt. He flexed his back, to complete the flip, and brought his legs down, the left one landed without a problem, but as soon as the right one hit the solid ground, he collapsed with a pained grunt.

Satisfied that the Nadder was unconscious, he rolled onto his back, and sat up to assess the damage. His right knee had been dislocated, and it was in a manner that required two people.

Almost on cue, Astrid appeared by his side, and placed a hand on his shoulder. Hiccup smiled appreciatively, then placed both hands above his knee. She looked a little hesitant, but a moment later, she snapped her hands up, resetting his knee.

Hiccup took a sharp breath, and a muffled grunt from the pain, then exhaled relieved.

"That's better."

He sighed, unknowing that he had slumped forward, and her hand was resting on his shoulder.

"What in Thor's name was that?"

Hiccup looked up to see the Gobber walking up to him. The others where now gathered around speaking, well; it was more like a clutter of unintelligible noise.

"All dragons' have a weak spot under their jaw."

"Not that, that!"

Gobber exclaimed, pointing to the unconscious Nadder.

"Oh, that, I told you that it's dangerous to keep all this raw Viking-ness locked up."

Hiccup replied sarcastically, which caused Gobber to burst out laughing.

"Let's go Hiccup, I'll walk you back."

Astrid offered, pulling him to his feet with slightly more effort than she remembers. Hiccup steps on his leg tenderly, before leaning his full weight on it, satisfied that it's back in place.

"Who are you, what have you done with hiccup?"

Snotlout exclaimed as he pushes his way up to him.

"Come now Snotlout, can you go one day without being a sore loser? Oh, here's an idea, how about you pretend to be happy for me? For once in my miserable life, at least pretend that you're not an egotistical jack ass, and that you have the decency to give credit where credit is due?"

The man just glared at hiccup with a clenched jaw.

"Thought so."

Hiccup stated dully, and removed himself from Astrid's grip. Ignoring everyone else, he shoved past them, then trotted to the outer edge of the arena, and looked down. He could see the village bellow, and was more than confident that he could traverse the incline.

Not looking back, he leapt over the edge, followed by several gasps, and cries of terror. He could hear them run to the side, but all he focused on was sliding down the rock face.

He was a fool to believe that their opinion would change just because he bested a dragon in hand-to-hand combat. In fact, it probably caused them to become even more adamant than they were before, convinced that he is a screw up. Only now instead of mistakes...he'll...its a death wish.

Why is it, that he is concerned with their opinions all of a sudden? A few moments ago he could have cared less, but now...

Hiccup shoved the thought from his head, as he pushed off the rock face, landing with a thud on the soft grass bellow. Refusing to look back, he began jogging, in the direction of the only place he can truly feel secure, his forge.

Of course there was Toothless, but right now he needed to be alone, away from the others, away from the people he lives amongst, he needs to enter that veil of serenity that is solitude. Ignoring the accusing glances that were thrown at him, Hiccup entered the main door to the forge and bared the door.

Grabbing the bellows, hiccup brought the forge to temperature with a few deft pumps, and tossed a bar of steel into it.

Steel is nothing new among Viking's, but only a few Smiths are skilled enough to forge it properly, Gobber had been one of those Smiths, but since he lost his hand, that skill has diminished.

And it seems that Hiccup had gained what the man had lost. Ignoring the gloves, hiccup grabbed a pair of tongs and removed the smoldering red steel from the burning embers, and placed it on the anvil.

Where he relentlessly took to hammering it, slowly forming the short

ingot into a three-foot broad sword, when he saw that the metal was starting to cool once again, Hiccup placed it back into the furnace, and proceeded to heat it up once again.

Feeling his anger and dismay, being siphoned off by the concentration that he is required to have, while working in the forge.

Hiccup removed the bar of steel and began forming it once again, this time putting more effort and skill into each hammer pound, slowly spreading the metal, until he had two pieces that branched off at the base.

AS he did this however, something strange began to form in his mind. A once dormant part of his mind awakened, and flooded him with new vigor. But it was more than that, what it was exactly...whatever it was, it reminded him of the feeling that the sun's rays caused on a cold winter's day, but instead of warming just his skin, it radiated through his entire body.

Plunging the sword back into the forge, he quickly brought it back to temperature, before removing it, and continued hammering the two bars of steel, then with a pair of tongs, picked them up and wrenched them, so they crossed close to the base, then grabbing the hot steel, twisted them.

How he knew to do this remained a mystery to him, only that it felt right, and helped draw off the angst that Snotlout once again thrown his heart into.

Hiccup just removed the hot steel, and added the third twist in crossing blades, before he heard the familiar jibe of Snotlout's voice.

"Oi, Useless, get out here!"

Hiccup's hands tightened around the hot steel, as he pushed the two ends together, ignoring the man's taunt, and creating a tip. He then took a smaller hammer and fused the ends together...

"I'm calling you; Get out here you Pathetic excuses for a man."

His anger is starting to build now, but if Hiccup acknowledged his torment then how much different is he from Snotlout. Removing the sword again, Hiccup hammered the tip into a star shape head, then using precision tools, formed the grooves, and guild lines where he will...

"What are you, you're definitely not Hiccup. Hiccup is a scrawny Fishbone, who's too afraid of his own shadow to even..."

Snotlout was cut off by a scream of rage, then the window to the forge burst open, followed by a spinning great sword. Yelping with fright, Snotlout caught the five-foot behemoth in his shield, which was yanked from his grasp by the force.

Looking back, he saw Hiccup standing on the other side, chest heaving, and a look of pure anger in his eyes. Snotlout actually felt afraid for a moment, but was snapped to as he leapt over the counter, and charged him.

Smiling evilly, Snotlout raised his hammer and swung just as he entered his reach. Hiccup ducked under the attack, then grabbed his arm and pulled it back with him.

Snotlout scream as Hiccup punched his shoulder out of place. He dropped his hammer and turned around to punch him. Snotlout's eyes widened when Hiccup caught the punch in midair, a snarl on his lips, and a deep-throated growl that stilled his blood in place.

Screaming with rage, Hiccup jerked his arm to the side, then in a blurred motion, twisted his arm, and popped that shoulder out of place.

Snotlout was then completely defenseless as hiccup assaulted him. Where Hiccup struck only registered as pain, not in any distinct location, but what felt like everywhere. He wondered when hiccup would snap, and had to wonder what he'd do, but this, this was no tone of his thoughts.

Hiccup was lost in the over powering torrent of unhindered emotion that pureed from his fists, but he was also aware of a hot stream of tears that ran down his face.

"I will kill you!"

Hiccup screamed as he redoubled his onslaught of Snotlout, who was now curled on the ground in a fetal position, then he was ripped back, away from the cause of his life's torment.

"NO! NO! I'm not finished, I have to kill him!"

Hiccup screamed as he fought against whoever grabbed him. He felt their hands break free, and he lunged the fallen boy again, only to be caught around the ankles and dragged back. He clawed at the ground like a feral creature.

"Hiccup, calm down, listen calm, down!"

It was her voice, the voice of her, who for the first time in his life showed him that she cared. Then it was like his mind turned back on, and he looked back to See Astrid holding him.

"Astrid?"

He asked through a clogged throat, and blurred eyes. That's when it happened, an life time of bottled up hurt came flooding out, and he cried, cried harder than he ever had before, harder than he even thought possible. Scrambling to his feet he took off running, not caring who saw him go, only that he needed to leave.

He finally snapped, after so many years of locking his anger away, it finally got the better of him, and he has become the very person he despises. With a bellow of self demobilization, Hiccup sprinted out of the tow, away from the people who had done this to him, and to he only person who he can reliant on.

## 9. Beginning of Something New

Hiccup stammered his way into the secluded clearing. Eyes puffy and

blurred, chest heaving and burning, heart...all but torn to shreds. This is what happens when he lets people get too close, when he believes an obvious lie.

His foot slipped and he fell the last five feet, slamming hard on his stomach, and forcing the wind from his lungs. Hiccup groaned pitifully, before reaching forward and trying to drag himself along.

Then something forced its self underneath him, and pulled him up. Hiccup looked at Toothless with pain and regret. She is the only one he can truly trust, the only person that he can listen to without fear of deception.

Knowing this pushed Hiccup over the edge again, and he collapsed, silent tears ran down his face, as tremors wracked his solid frame.

"Hiccup, what happened?"

She asked frantically, but the only response she got was a deep whimper. His breathing was shallow and erratic; she's seen enough injuries in her time to know this one is emotional, and not physical.

Seeing Hiccup this way, small and defeated, caused her maternal instincts to kick in, and she gently gripped the back of his tunic with her jaw, and dragged him off the cold stone floor, and onto the soft mossy grass that covered three quarters of the clearing.

Toothless gently laid him down, and wrapped her body around him, radiating him with her warmth, and crooning softly to calm his nerves. It took several minutes of tender nose nudges, and soft crooning before Hiccup finally began to relax, and his entire body seemed to go limp.

It was only now did she see the full extent of how hurt he really was. Looking up, she showered the surrounding landscape for the two Terrors that had accompanied him.

"You two, what happened?"

She asked in a slightly hushed tone, so not to disturb Hiccup from his already light sleep.

"The one who always made fun of him, Hiccup finally snapped on him. You should have seen it; Hiccup would have killed the boy if Astrid didn't pull him off the brute."

"What exactly did Hiccup do to him?"

"Well, after he dislocated both his arms, Hiccup took everything out on the defenseless boy, and if weren't for the one named Astrid, then he would have killed him, without a doubt."

Toothless felt Hiccup tremble and gently nuzzled him along the arm to remind him that she was here. The two Terrors curled up and decided to bask in the mid day sun, as to wait for Hiccup to wake up.

Hiccup no longer felt the chain of a life's worth of hurt, instead of a dull ache, there was a strange floating sensation. No, an empty-ness that was not there before. Slowly he opened his eyes.

But instead of light, he encountered darkness, or a dark shade pulled over his eyes. Confused, Hiccup reached forward, only to encounter a warm barrier.

It took only a moment to realize where he was.

"Toothless?"

He croaked through his dried throat. Her wing immediately flew back, bathing him in the warm Mid-day light. Her head soon followed, dominating his field of view with a warm expression.

"How are you feeling?"

"Strange."

Toothless sighed and laid her head across his lap, after letting him sit up. Hiccup absent mindedly began scratch behind her head.

He feels different now. Where a tight knot used to reside in his chest, was replaced by a feeling of weightlessness, similar to the sensation of flying.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

Toothless warbled her concern, before picking up her head, and watching hiccup intently. He shook his head, then laid back, looking up at the canopy above.

Despite his distraction, Toothless knew his mind was still in turmoil over what happened. She can see it in his eyes, and in his body language.

Crooning softly, Toothless nuzzled his side comfortingly. This was enough to distract Hiccup.

"Toothless, I have a question?"

He spoke softly, without moving his head.

"I will answer what I can."

"What if we can't stop the king? Everything we have accomplished would be for not, and nothing will change."

"Don't think like that Hiccup, we will defeat the king, we have to."

"I know we have to, but there is still that dreadful  
"If"."

Toothless huffed a breath of hot air, which brushed over Hiccup ruffling his hair, and warming his surprisingly chilled face. He raised his head from where it laid over her side, and looked at her curiously.

"I would be lying to say I understand how you feel. I do not know what it is you feel Hiccup, but as your friend, I want you to know that I am here."

She trilled softly, and nudged his side before laying her head back over his lap. Hiccup absentmindedly scratched behind her head again, as he thought about what happened.

Despite the fact of what happened, Hiccup definitely feels better. A lifetime of accumulated hurt and suppressed anxiety finally released. Although, he can't help but feel guilty towards what he did.

No one should ever be subjected to that level of angst...and yet he had to deal with it for twelve years of his life. Ever since his mom died, Hiccup has been exposed to every insult imaginable.

A deep breath of air left his lungs, as Hiccup relaxed into Toothless's side. Soaking up her bodily warmth that radiated around him.

Now that he's finally expelled the demons that have been haunting him, what is left for him. A village, who's only concern for him is whether or not he'll break something.

Or a group of teens who's only joy is causing him as much agony as they can muster. Not even Astrid seems like a reason to stay. Yes she's apologized to him for ignoring him, but that doesn't mean she'll "not" ignore him.

For all he knows, and most likely expects, she'll just return to normal, casting glances his way, with the occasional insult to bolster her pride.

That's how it's always been. She will let Snotlout, or one of the twins to have their way, then when he does something that affects her in some way, the ruthless onslaught of verbal abuse begins.

And it is that which always hurts the most.

The only one of them who truly never insulted him was Fishlegs. And it's only because of his size, that keeps the other teens from devouring his self confidence as well.

What is left for him? A father who isn't even a father. A caretaker, left to him by the death of his only parent.

Why does he continue this pointless meanderings, how come he continues down this path, if all it leads to is further unrest?

Hiccup slowly feels his tense back muscles relax, and a profound sense of serenity claims its place.

The thought of leaving Berk seems like the best possible solution, for not only him, but also Toothless. Away from this land, they could go anywhere do anything...

Visit his ancestor's home, their castle. He could continue his training...and become a king.

A though that left a bad taste in his mouth. That is one responsibility that he isn't ready for, especially now.

"Hey Toothless?"

She raised her head, and looked at him with a neutral expression.

"If we left, how long would it take us to reach that castle you mentioned?"

Her eyes widened slightly.

"Do you truly want to leave?"

"I don't want to stay. After thinking about it, leaving is the best thing we can do right now."

"And abandon your people to the Tyrant?"

"NO!"

Hiccup exclaimed, surprising himself by his sudden outburst. Toothless grinned another one of her "Toothless" smiles.

"Then why do you want to leave?"

"Its the right thing to do. If we are to have any success in defeating the king, then I have to continue my training."

"So you feel duty bound to leave?"

Hiccup glared at her with mock annoyance. He knew what she was trying to do, and like the "Hiccup" he is, he's falling for it. Despite his logic, his intellect is nothing compared to hers.

"Partially, but what better reason is there?"

She exhaled a large amount of hot air, blowing it over him, and filling him with internal warmth. She knew why he wanted to leave, but couldn't help having a little fun with him about it.

"Alright Hiccup, when do you want to leave? Just be sure to pack plenty of supplies. Once we leave, it'll take use several weeks to reach our first destination.

"The sooner the better. I'll retune to the village to pack a few things, I also have to destroy any drawings I have."

Toothless didn't need to question him about that. She knew he was referring to his inventions, he talked about drawing them before.

"Do you want a ride back?"

Hiccup slowly shook his head, and placed a hand on her side. Toothless purred affectionately at his kind touch.

"Thanks, but no."

Sighing, Hiccup stood up, and stretched. Feeling his muscles unclench, he turned to see Toothless walking over to the pond, a moment later she began drinking.

Smiling to himself, and their potential future, Hiccup left the clearing at a leisurely run. It feels good to be free, free from the tumult of negativity, from the plague that's sickened him for years.

Oddly enough, the forest seems more...Rich. No that's not the right word, Perhaps Vibrant...Yep, that's the one. It seems like a haze has finally been lifted from his mind's eye.

Everything looks brighter, the sun as it trickles through the treetops above. The birds as they sing their melodies, even the unfiltered noise of the forest seems lush.

Smiling again, Hiccup refocused as the forest began to wane, and the sound of his village came into being. Slowing himself, Hiccup entered the village.

He didn't know what to expect really, but the wary glances, their looks of combined caution, to equal parts admiration definitely was not on the list.

A few Vikings sidestepped to give him unhindered passage, he didn't give them a second look, instead focusing on the ground. His dad returns today, if he hasn't already.

This thought sent tendrils of concerned apprehension through his body. His father was one subject that he had hoped to avoid, but perhaps by some small miracle on Thor's part, he would be delayed, and not return until tomorrow, or even later tonight.

Everyone knows how fickle the ocean's wind can be. One moment it could be blowing at full strength, then a moment later you're drifting amongst the current.

Should he check on Snotlout? A part of him is telling him that he's family, and he should. Look where family gets you, another part is telling him. Look at all the good your family does, abandonment, neglect, hurt, disrespect...

This was the convincer; Snotlout will heal on his own, and needs no interference on his behalf. Hiccup rounded the corner, appearing on the edge of town, and on the path leading to his hillside Estate.

Doesn't feel like an estate, more of a gloomy crypt...Hiccup remembered that he already used that to describe his house, and attempted to think of something else to compare it to.

After pushing his way inside, and exhaling a sigh of relief at the complete lack of life, he walked up stairs and pulled his leather satchel from his dresser, and began packing some of his belongings.

Only now did he realize just how little he owned in terms of clothing. Several green tunics, a animal skin vest, which he is already wearing, and a few pairs of worn out leather trousers.

After he packed all his clothing, there was still an abundant space left over, and he wondered what else he could bring.

His dagger and wrist bow were defiantly included. Two new sketchbooks, not including the one he's currently using. Several writing instruments, which he wrapped in cloth to prevent them from rubbing against his clothing.

Looking around, he surveyed his schematic lined wall, and decided to take only a few of them.

He finally decided on the ones of Toothless's tail, his wrist bow, a new folding sword design, and one for a multi layered vest.

Having his drawing packed safely away with the rest of his supplies, Hiccup took all his other ideas, along with the few pictures of Toothless, and brought them all down stairs.

It seemed like blasphemy to burn the pictures of Toothless, especially now, after everything they've done together. Hiccup thought silently as he watched the embers of a once lively fire consume his work.

But he can't risk the other villagers finding them, it's better this way. After the papers were reduced to little more than ash, he went over to the pantry, and removed several loaves of bread, two large cheese wedges, and a full wine skin, as well as a water skin.

Huffing the liquid bladders over his shoulder, and the small pack of food with the rest of his supplies, Hiccup went back upstairs to take one final look at his childhood room.

He had a feeling that someone will eventually make a way in here, if not to find him, then to see what he left behind.

Walking around, reminiscing about once was, and what could have been, Hiccup finally settled upon the crate of books, which contained all his recorded emotions for the past twelve years.

Picking up the crate, he brought it over to his bed, and dumped the contents onto his mattress, then tossed the wooden crate away.

Without anything else to do, Hiccup fetched his remaining supplies, and left his childhood home. Not feeling a pained guilt like was expecting, but a sense of...airiness.

Like he is living the world, or looking through someone else's eyes. Or maybe even a dream, a dream where he's finally happy, and where he can live his life without the fear of someone telling him how worthless he is...

Not a dream, reality. This is really happening; he is finally leaving this cursed island, and its inhabitants.

Fueled by this new joy, Hiccup sprinted away from his house, and into the forest that resided just behind his old establishment.

## 10. A Journey Begun

The cold nipped at his face, his hands clenched firmly around his Hand Grip. It was only because of the force of his clenched hands that managed to fend away the brisk evening air, which is already assailing his face.

But even through his discomfort at this chilled evening, nothing could be more perfect. His joy at riding on Toothless dulled the frigid ache. The contentment at watching the sun set, triggering the end of another day, and singling for its midnight brother to claim its place in the heavens above.

No more than three hours ago, he abandoned his futile endeavor. The people of Berk would never accept him as who he is, and they would most certainly never accept Toothless.

And now, as they soar above swirling sea, of red, and orange, a deep sated peace came over him.

He didn't have to worry about Toothless, or how he would conceal where he goes, or what he does. The only thing that matters now is that they are together, and they can go anywhere they want.

Unlike Vikings, Hiccup is no longer bound by his earthly ties. He can fly to the heavens above, glide along the vets of hot air that rush up from the cold-water bellow.

This is his domain now, not that of earth, or rock, water or wood, but unimaginable possibilities, here, at the ceiling of the world, with the other person who's ever cared for him.

Hiccup rubbed Toothlesses neck, to convey his appreciation for her.

She responded with a soft purr, barley audible over the whistling wind. Hiccup removed his hand after a moment.

He will have to make gloves, or find a way to buy a pair in the next village they arrive at. Toothless pulsed her wings again, gaining more altitude, and angling over to a thermal vent.

She spent hours describing these phenomenons to him, and how she uses them to assist her flying. She doesn't know how they occur, or for what reason they do. But she is able to sense these pockets of rising air, and use them to raise her higher, without doing anything.

This not only allows her to travel remarkably long distances, but preserves her strength as well. Hiccup felt Toothless slowly begin to descend now, as she continued to glide effortlessly.

Below him, White Sea-birds flocked together, diving at a school of Herring. Toothless didn't give them a second glance as they continued unchallenged.

Toothless had the fore sight to go hunting before they left, this was a not only a challenge, for the ocean water was far to cold for him, and they where not able to sneak into town.

This left one other option to them, the wild boar that occupied the grassy mountainside that resided north of Berk.

Despite his proficiency at flying Toothless, he still lacked the fine motor controls to allow for the complicated Arial maneuvers that where required for her to sneak upon the animals, and take them by surprise.

After several close attempts and many Ear-smacks later, Hiccup managed to successfully complete the sequence of daunting tasks that landed Toothless a rather large pig.

Whatever she didn't eat, he butchered, and assisted by her fire...or fire-like attack, seared the meat, and turned it into jerky in a mater of minutes.

Hiccup shifted his head, and closed his eyes, absorbing the dying warmth of the sun. Toothless tilted her wings, and drifted to the left, to catch another air vent.

That was something else he learned, by keeping her tail fin straight, and level with her other one, Toothless could drift side to side, without him having to do anything.

He locked the pedals into place, and pulled his feet free of their metal cages. There he stretched his legs, and arms. His shoulders released several satisfying "Pops" before he lowered his arms, and dangled his legs lazily.

Toothless sensed his moment, and looked back to see he was relaxing this gladdened her. Hiccup had rather quickly grown to be her closest friend.

Since she was assigned to this quadrant of ocean, to wait for any sings of The Half-Dragons' return, she has distanced herself from the others.

She didn't want to establish a relationship with any of the Dragon's who remained under the Tyrant's influence. Seeing that there was not one dragon in her sector that remained free, she remained distant.

At first it was nice, flying from island to island, keeping an eye open for any sign for the Heir to Fortido. But she would never expect for Hiccup to land in her life as he did.

Or maybe it was she who landed in his, Toothless smiled inwardly at the unintentional pun.

Over the past few weeks, Hiccup had grown to mean more to her than she thought possible. He was kind, sweet, and had a way with words that no one else had.

But that was only a few reason for why he now means so much to her. The main one being, is that he gave her something she never had before, a companion, just as she was his first.

They had grown close over these past days, now she can't imagine life without him, and by some foul decision on fates behalf, for him to leave her life, then the world no longer looks as it did, with him

around.

She cares for him more than anything else, she will do anything for him, even lay her life down, if need be.

Toothless was about to continue mulling over all the wonderful reason for why she now cared for the boy, but his kind hand laid upon her side, and she purred happily at his warm touch.

It's funny really; a boy can elicit such feelings. This truly is deep bond, deeper than either of them probably realizes.

"We should land for the night."

Hiccup half yelled, half spoke as he leaned over her ear. She glanced around, until her eyes settled on a fairly large island, just beneath her.

Pausing to consider it, she deemed it would be a better idea to rest while they can. Who knows how long they will have to fly, before land presents its self once again.

Sensing her body shift, Hiccup adjusted her tailfin, so that she was able to circle down towards the island in a controlled manor.

Toothless then leveled off, and began searching the forest below for a decent place to land.

Her search was not long in coming, but before she landed, Toothless began circling again; only to make sure nothing harmful was hidden from view.

After a few passes, she landed in the middle of a small clearing, the trees rose around them, and their tops rose over the lips of the small clearing. Rendering it smaller than it actually was from the air.

On the ground now, Hiccup saw a small stream trickling nearby, and walked over to it. The water ran clear, and there was no foam where it collided with stones. All good signs that the water is clean, and safe to drink.

Refilling his water skin, Hiccup walked back over to Toothless, where she had laid down on a spot of thick moss, dried by the sun's rays, and still warm from the day.

Hiccup then removed the bags, and began unfastening the straps which held the saddle, and mechanical section in place.

"What are you doing?"

Toothless asked as he pulled at a strap, and loosened the saddle.

"You'll be more comfortable without the saddle, now lift your leg, so I can finish unbuckling."

She raised her right fore leg, allowing Hiccup to undo the final strap. Then he pulled the saddle off, and the mechanical rods with

it. Toothless sighed a breath of contentment as the wait left her back.

And the metal against her side lifted. He was right; there is a noticeable difference to the Saddle.

She looked back over, as Hiccup placed the leather pad, several yards away, before walking back to her, and laying down next to her.

"What are you doing now?"

Toothless spoke with an exaggerated tone as he looked at her with an all to Innocent look.

"I'm trying to get some rest, as you should too."

"Not right there your not."

Not waiting for his reply, Toothless reached out with one paw, and wrapped it around his arm. Hiccup yelped as she pulled him over, and pulled him against her belly.

"Night here get cold, and I highly doubt you can survive without proper shelter."

Toothless spoke softly, as Hiccup laid his head against her inner leg, using he soft skin of her inner leg as a pillow.

Then he was plunged into darkness, as her wing folded over him. Almost immediately, the air began to warm, and his body untighten.

Hiccup felt oddly appreciative towards Toothless for this. He placed a hand on her side, and padded I once before pulling back, and stuffing it under his side.

Her sides began to vibrate, as a low purr emanated from deep within her throat. This was all the thanks he needed, before closing his eyes and slowly drifting off into his waking dreams. Aided by a new sense of closeness that now existed between the pair.

The moon was somewhere between its Zenith, and the Horizon. A small breeze carried the scent of decaying leave, and warm smoke from somewhere down wind. A deep sigh escaped him as he looked around the cave.

Feeling an overwhelming sense of peace, and joy. Something shifted next to him, and he glanced over to see a white female Night furry lying next to him.

She shivered as another gust as wind blew past their cave, pulling out the warmth, and replacing it with a dull cold.

His wing tightened around the female, and pulled her closer against him. He could feel her as she leaned into his contact, pulling herself tighter into his side. Hiccup crooned softly, and she warbled a soft reply, from somewhere in her incoherent slumber.

He felt his lips part in a smile, and leaned over to nuzzle her affectionately, before shifting so she would be able to claim more of

his belly for her own warmth.

She instantly claimed the space he made, and exhaled a breath of hot air, which fogged at is it came in contact with the night. He tightened his grip around her, focusing more of his heat around her, and shielding her from the nightly chill.

Despite his exhaustion, Hiccup was content to lie still, and watch as the one he loves, sleeps peacefully next to him.

Her nostrils as they flare slight with each breach she takes, and releases. Expressions of happiness laid into her sleeping form. Her sides as they rose and fell against him, and her own warmth, replacing the heat he loses from the night air.

Hiccup tears his attention from his mate, and glances up as he hears a stick branch, but the sound of it falling through the treetops, then the muffled sound of it impacting the ground, alerted him that it was the wind, and not an enemy.

He would have smelt them if it was an enemy, seeing they are down wind of any potential ambush spots.

Turning his attention from the cave opening, Hiccup slowly looked around the walls, examining how the moon light out side, casts shadows across the uneven surfaces of their cave.

Continuing around, Hiccup's gave settles upon a pool of motionless water. Staring back at him, where two, massive silver eyes enhance by the moon light.

They appeared to be glowing, against the dark blue of his scales. Hiccup wanted to look longer upon the figure, but the dream didn't permit it.

Something smooth and warm, trailed across the inside of his neck, sending waves of joyful passion flooding through his body.

Turning around, his eyes met two blue ones. Who stared at him with tender love, and curiosity, but tinged with worry.

He warbled softly again, and the female relaxed, but now taking her eyes off him. Glancing back outside, Hiccup laid his head down; the female Night Fury licked his cheek once more, before laying her head down against his.

The last thing he recalled was a soft, purr, as his mate proclaimed her happiness to him. A purr he eagerly returned.

Hiccup woke up, feeling better than he had ever dreamt possible...that's right. As if this thought was a gate, his memory of the dream filled his mind.

Not a dream, another memory, one of his ancestor, or one of.

Picking his head up, he felt Toothless shift next to him, and her wing retracted, exposing him to the rays of light that flooded into the clearing.

"Sleep well?"

She asked in a friendly tone. Hiccup nodded his head, wondering if telling her about his memory was a good idea. Sitting up, Hiccup ran his hands through his hair, not only straitening it, but also quelling an itch that had set in.

"Yes, how long have you been up?"

"Not long, an hour or so."

Hiccup looked at her curiously, and noted a strange gleam in her eye. He wondered at it for a moment, before dismissing it, and focusing on their current predicament.

"Why didn't you wake me?"

Toothless gave the equivalent of a shrug, and laid her head down, watching him.

"You looked so peaceful sleeping, I was loathed to wake you."

Hiccup smiled appreciatively.

"Thanks for that."

He said softly, then allowed his eyes to wonder around the clearing again. Unaware of Toothless's eyes drilling into him. Something is different about him, she can't place her talon on it, but there is a new Aura about him.

"Hiccup, is everything alright?"

Her sudden voice snapped him out of whatever reverie he was occupied with.

"Why do you ask?"

"You seem...on edge?"

That was the best word she could come up with, that wouldn't alert him to her full curiosity.

Hiccup sighed, and looked at the ground, unsure of how to start, or what to say.

"I had another memory last night."

He stated flatly, then looked up to meet her gaze.

"You said that some of the Half-Dragon could change into a dragon."

Toothless nodded, affirming his words.

"Well...last night...I had a memory of one, he was in dragon form."

Hiccup was speaking slowly now, he was having trouble talking about his memory, or he is just unsure of how to continue.

"It was in a cave, and he was with another dragon..."

He trailed off, turning to look at Toothless, who seemed to understand what he was trying to say.

"You were exposed to his emotions for his mate?"

Hiccup nodded once, taking his eyes off Toothless.

"It was all so real."

He whispered.

"So what's the problem?"

"No problem, just unexpected. I wasn't expecting to experience something as profoundly intimate as that."

Toothless detected a trace of something behind his words, but couldn't determine what it was.

"Did you see the color of the dragon?"

"I was blue, and she was white. But the oddest part was, her eyes matched my scales, just as my eyes matched hers."

Toothless began coughing deep in her throat, a sound that was her form of laughter.

"No need to be shy Hiccup. All dragons are exposed to such emotions; it is something you grow used to. As for the dragon, I am unfamiliar with his name, but I believe he was the late brother, of Fortido's wife.

"So that would make him my uncle."

"I am unfamiliar with your family terms."

Hiccup acknowledged her with a nod, but his mind seemed to have drifted away again, most likely to his memory of last night.

After several moments, Toothless got his attention with a breath of hot air.

"It's time we get going, unless you want to spend the rest of our time here."

"No, your right."

Hiccup said, getting up with surprising haste. She watched as he walked over to her saddle, and with a faster than normal attitude, began strapping it around her.

Once finished, Hiccup retrieved his bag of supplies, and attached them to her saddle. Before mounting and taking control, as she launched them into the air.

He seems distracted by something. Toothless observed as she climbed to Cruising altitude. Hiccup was in an awful hurry to leave just now.

After thinking about it for several minutes, Toothless tied it to his dream, more specifically, his ancestor taking a dragon mate.

It was not uncommon for one of the Half-Dragons, to take a Night Fury as a mate. It was a noble decision on both parts, as they were declaring how much they loved each other.

However, because of the natural bond both species share with the earth, and their similarities in magic, and spirituality.

Almost always, their bond grows to such strengths, that the dragon of the pair, gains the ability to change into a human. Similar to how the dragon side takes over for the first time.

When a dragon and Half-Dragon have bonded, the dragon side latches onto the human side.

It is all a complicated process that even now, isn't understood that well among her race. Hiccup must be having trouble comprehending this. His entire life have revolved around killing dragons, he never paused to consider...

There she goes again, ranting on topics that are best left unsaid. Snorting her irritation at allowing herself to become distracted by topics that do not concern her, she changed course, feeling the wind shift as Hiccup makes his almost imperceptible fin shift.

Yesterday they flew south, today they need to travel southwest. There they will travel to a small outpost, one that she's visited before.

They're not as hostile towards dragons there, due to the tyrant's control. His control can only reach so far, and that far south, only a select few of dragon species there are affected.

Mainly the ones Hiccup calls, Terrible Terrors, and Gronkle, due to their smaller brains.

After the outpost, they will need to travel east for six days. Luckily there are small islands along the way, so resting won't be a challenge.

After they reach Double-mountain top-low-valley-island, they will fly directly southeast, until they reach the Island of Ser'gious.

A bustling market village, where the king's control does not reach, and where dragons are revered.

Somehow, time has managed to preserve the legends of the Dragon-Sentinels, and their unmatched feats, concerning not only the humans, but the Dragons as well. Hiccup will love it there she just knows it.

\*\*Here it is, the concluding chapter for Book 1. Now I know it will be hard for you to wait until I return. So to thank all of you for your feedback, and for the knowledge that you are enjoying my story, I give you something to look forward to in the next book. \*\*

End  
file.